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THE ADVENTURES OF TOD



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WITHOUT
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WITH AND WITHOUT BETTY

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LONDON: SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO., LTD.,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

THE
ADVENTURES OF TOD
WITH AND WITHOUT BETTY

BY

G. CARDELLA

AUTHOR OF "A KING'S DAUGHTER," "FOR THE LIFE OF OTHERS," ETC.



LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO., LTD.
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TO
SONNIE, FREDA
AND
DOROTHY

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CHAPTER I.

HOW TOD WANTED TO BE A MAN.

HE was just seven years old, and his name was Theodore, but every one called him Tod, and at one time in his life he had a great desire to be a man. A man had a great many advantages over a boy, so Tod noticed. A man, for instance, never had to go to bed when the gong sounded. He went down to dinner instead, and ate and drank just as much as ever he fancied, and nobody made unpleasant remarks on the subject of aches and pains, or allusions to things such as Gregory Powders. I daresay the men would have liked very much to be little boys again, and to go to bed and dream about the wonderful things they were going to do when they *were* men, instead of sitting up and going down to dinner, although they

2 HOW TOD WANTED TO BE A MAN.

could eat whatever they liked ; but that only shows how nobody ever *is* satisfied in this world. And anyway Tod was quite certain that he wanted to be a man.

Now Tod lived in the days when there were still fairies on the earth, and elves lived under the shelter of the toadstools, and little children understood the language of all the birds and beasts and trees and flowers. Which was much pleasanter than it is now-a-days, when hardly any one can hear the cowslips ringing their bells in the early morning, before even the larks are up, to wake the grasshoppers who mow the fairies' grass for them, and when very few people have the least idea what the bees are humming to each other when they go out honey-gathering. And in those days, too, everything was quite possible, which was so nice. It was even quite possible for a boy to become a man all at once. At least Tod thought so. So he started off one morning to find out from his friends the birds and beasts and trees and flowers how it was to be done.

He knew they were more likely to be able to tell him than any one else, except his mother. And Tod knew that she would not tell him, because she would much rather keep him a little boy, safe and warm in the shelter of her arms. Tod thought it was better to be a man, but you see she knew he would never be so safe or so happy anywhere else. Still, a boy has other things to think about besides being safe and happy, so Tod started off to ask how he should become a man.

The trees were such hundreds of years old, he thought. They must know a thing or two. And the birds were ever so clever. They could find their way, some of them, miles across the sea without a compass or a chart or anything to guide them. And as for the old White Owl who lived in the Ivy Bush in the field, she was so clever that she said that all she knew made her quite miserable. But I expect that was because she knew too much, and not quite enough. And that is a terrible thing to

suffer from. As for the flowers, they were clever enough to be perfectly beautiful and to smell exquisitely sweet, and give everybody who had eyes and noses no end of pleasure, and that is being very clever indeed. Yes, certainly from some of them Tod thought he could find out how to become a man.

It was a lovely morning when Tod started. You know the sort of morning—when the sun is hot enough to warm you all through, but not hot enough to make you feel uncomfortable, and the wind kisses you all over your face as soft as velvet, and there are lots of little fluffy white clouds flitting about in a very blue sky. And every minute you see a different butterfly come dancing along. First a snow-white one with a great black velvet spot on each wing, and then a big purple Emperor, and then a little wee blue chap who looks like a bit of the sky got lost. And there are dozens and dozens of bees and several great bumble-bees, boooming and humming about as busy *as* bees, all among

the roses and the mignonette. Oh, such a delicious morning! The larks all went singing up to heaven to say "Thank-you".

Tod thought he would go and see the White Owl first of all, since she knew so much, but he had to pass a Red Rose Tree on his way, and she was a great friend of his and called out to him as he went by.

"Oh, Tod dear," she said, "I've been waiting such a long time hoping you would come. I'm in such trouble. That horrid Green Blight came along last night and settled on my last new daughter, who was coming out this morning. And now, poor darling, she can't come out at all, for the Blight has stuck all her poor little petals tight together, and by the time she does manage to struggle out she will be all deformed and ugly, and she was such a pretty bud. Do brush the Blight away, there's a dear boy."

Now Tod had been standing first on one leg and then on the other all the time she was talking, in a fearful hurry to get away

and see the Owl and find out how to become a man. If his mother had not been telling him only the evening before that you must never interrupt a lady when she is speaking, and you *must* wait till she has finished before you run away, I am afraid he would not have listened to the poor Rose at all.

When she had finished he said in a great hurry, "I can't wait this morning. I've got something very important to see to. By the way, I suppose *you* can't tell me how to become a man?"

The Rose shook her beautiful crimson head. "I'm afraid I can't," she said. "I rather fancy it is a difficult thing. But won't you just wait one minute and help my poor little bud?"

But Tod had run away the very minute she had said she could not tell him what he wanted to know, without waiting to hear if she had anything else to say, or even saying "Good-morning".

He ran all down the garden walk, which had heaps and heaps of flowers on either



HE RAN ALL DOWN THE GARDEN WALK.

side, but he did not stop to ask any more of them how to become a man. They weren't clever, he thought ; they were only pretty and sweet and nice. He didn't know, you see, *how* clever it is to be that, in this world.

But when he came to the end of the walk he *did* stop to ask the big Oak Tree who stood there. For he was very, very old, and had seen men come and go for hundreds of years.

"Want to become a man, little boy ?" he said. "No hurry for that, no hurry for that. Wait and grow, wait and grow."

And his voice was very soft and deep, like the sound of all the winds that had murmured through his great branches and told him all their secrets for so many years. And nobody hears so many secrets as the winds do.

"But I don't want to wait," said Tod. "I want to be a man straight away. It must be possible, you know, if only I knew how to set about it."

"Yes, everything is possible if you know

how to set about it," said the Oak, for he hadn't lived such a long time without having learnt that much.

"Then do tell me how," cried Tod. "I do want to know so badly."

All the thousands of leaves on the Oak Tree rustled softly, for he was laughing to himself, and, as the leaves moved, all the sun-fairies sitting on the grass at his feet began to dance.

"I daresay, I daresay," he said. "But are you quite sure you have become a boy yet?"

"Of course I have. Why, can't you *see* that I have?" exclaimed Tod impatiently. And he began to think the Oak must be a very dull old fellow after all.

"Well, I don't know," answered the Oak. "I've known creatures that called themselves boys, and looked very like them too, but they were really only little apes or little pigs, or sometimes little prigs, which is quite as bad." And the old gentleman chuckled, and all the sun-fairies danced. "And sometimes they were only cry babies, or whine

babies—not babies, mind you, which are very nice things indeed, but cry babies, and that's very different."

"I'm sure *I'm* not any of those things," said Tod indignantly. (But then, you know, nobody ever does think they are any of these things.) "And I think," Tod went on, "that it is very rude of you to say that perhaps I am."

But the Oak only went on laughing, ever so softly, to himself.

And that made Tod so angry that he got quite cross and red in the face. Lots of people cannot bear to be laughed at, but if you can once learn not to mind a bit, but always to laugh back, why then you have learnt something worth knowing.

"I think you are a horrid old beast," said Tod. For when people lose their tempers they lose their manners too, and make exhibitions of themselves, and then wish they hadn't when it is too late.

And the Oak didn't mind a bit, which was so aggravating ; he only laughed more than

ever, indeed he shook so with laughter that he made quite a high wind, and it blew off Tod's hat and he had to run after it. And the Oak called after him : "I don't think you are quite ready to be a man yet, little boy". So you see Tod did not get the best of the argument. One never does if one loses one's temper.

But Tod was not a *very* bad-tempered boy, so by the time he had run all across the field and found his hat, which a Wild Rose had caught hold of and was keeping for him, he had found his temper too, and was sorry he had been so rude. But he hadn't the pluck to go back and tell the Oak so, and besides he *was* in such a hurry to find out how to become a man.

He did stop to say "Thank-you" to the Wild Rose though, for he was very fond of her and would not have liked to have hurt her feelings, because she always reminded him of a little sister of his, who had been just as soft, and pink and white, and sweet as the Wild Rose flowers--so sweet that one day the angels

had carried her back to Heaven because they could not spare her any longer. So for her sake Tod specially loved the Wild Rose Tree and never picked any of her pretty flowers, because he wanted them to live in the world as long as possible.

The Wild Rose grew close to a very high blackthorn hedge, and right near the top of the hedge a little Bullfinch had built her nest. She was one of the prettiest little birds you can imagine, with a rose-pink breast and a pearl-grey back, and white tips to her wings and a little black velvet cap on her head, and usually she was as happy as happy could be, looking after her dear little nest and taking care of the four little baby Bullfinches she had got inside it. But this morning she was flying round and round and crying pitifully, and when she saw Tod she flew to him calling out :—

“ Oh, do help me, do help me. I am in such trouble. One of my children has fallen out of our nest. He hasn’t got hurt because he fell on the grass, but he can’t get back because his wing and tail feathers are not

grown yet and so he can't fly. I've been trying to get him up ever since four this morning, and I'm quite worn out, and if I leave him down there a cat or a stoat or a rat will come along and eat him up. And he is the prettiest and the strongest of all my children. Oh dear, oh dear! Do come and pick him up for me. Do come quick!"

"Oh!" said Tod. "Is he on the other side of the hedge?"

"Yes, yes, just through here," said the poor little bird. "Oh, do *please* come quick, before he gets eaten up."

And she flew round and round faster than ever, she was in such an agony of fright.

"But I can't get through the hedge," said Tod. "And I haven't time to go all the way round. I've some very important business of my own to see to this morning."

He spoke rather crossly because he knew he was being selfish and unkind, and that always makes people cross too. And if they go on being selfish and unkind long enough they really are not fit for decent people to live

with, and ought to have a little island built on purpose for them out in the very middle of the biggest sea one could find.

"There is a hole in the hedge, not so *very* far up, that you could get through," said the poor Bullfinch. "If you *would* be so very kind, it won't take you more than five minutes."

"Oh, I daresay," said Tod ungraciously. "Much nearer ten, I know! And I shall get my knees full of thorns and my hair full of dirt going through that hole. I know it. And I don't suppose *you* can tell me how to become a man. If you had travelled now—like the swallows."

The Bullfinch shook her head sorrowfully. "I'm afraid I can't," she said. "And I'm so anxious about my little bully, that if I ever did know I have forgotten. But *do* come round and pick him up for me. Oh, please do!"

"All right, I'll come and pick him up on my way back," said Tod, and he ran off across the field without waiting to hear any more. "People are so selfish," he said to himself, "always wanting you to attend to *their* busi-

ness for them, as if one had nothing to attend to of one's own. And I've lost a lot of time already going after my hat that the nasty old Oak blew off for me."

So he ran on very fast without stopping for anything, until he came to the Ivy Bush where the old White Owl lived. And there she was, sure enough, fast asleep and snoring through her hooked beak. Tod had to call out to her several times before she woke up. Then she popped her head out of a hole in the Ivy and blinked at him with her round yellow eyes, and tried to look very solemn and very wise and as if she had never thought of taking forty winks in her life. For you see she had a reputation for wisdom to keep up, just like King Solomon had, and it wants a lot of keeping.

"What are you making that dreadful noise for?" she asked very crossly. "How is one to do any thinking when boys come and shriek and scream, for all the world as bad as those horrible railway engines, outside one's front door?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, mam," said Tod humbly, for the White Owl expected to be treated with respect; "but I could not make any one hear, and I want to know something very much that no one else can tell me."

The old lady looked a little less cross when he said that, for she loved people to think her very clever and to come to her to know things.

"If any one can tell you what you want to know I can," she said. "And if I can't tell you nobody can." For she thought she knew everything there was to know, even if the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings. Besides, she did not think a little boy would want to know anything very difficult. And that shows she did not know everything. For little boys do ask questions that are surprisingly difficult to answer, and ever so much harder than the questions in the examination papers.

Tod had had to climb up the tree to wake the Owl up, and now he sat down on one of the branches and fanned himself with his hat,

and felt very glad he had come to the end of his troubles at last and was really going to find out how to become a man. And the Owl stood up in her front door and looked so terribly wise, it was quite alarming.

"Now then," she said, "what is it? Speak slowly and mind your stops."

"I want to know how to become a man," said Tod.

"That is simple enough," said the Owl, blinking until her eyes nearly disappeared into her head. "You've only got to get a bit taller and a bit bigger, and grow some hair on your face. There isn't much more difference between a boy and a man—you take my word for it."

And when the Owl said "you take my word for it" she meant there was nothing more to be said.

"But I want to be a man *now*," said Tod. "I don't want to wait. I'm tired of being a boy."

"I don't wonder, I'm sure, if you are," said the Owl. "I would not have been a boy for



"I WANT TO KNOW HOW TO BECOME A MAN."

anything you could offer me. Nasty little naked things with no feathers on their faces, and none of them in the least ashamed of it. Creatures who are afraid of the dark, and who run about screaming and yelling and throwing stones all day, when respectable people are engaged in study and don't want to be disturbed. But I don't see what is the use of your changing into a man, for that is very nearly, if not quite, as bad. While you are about it, you had better become an owl; there would be some sense in that. Too-whit! Too-whoo! yes, some sense indeed. But whether you would be clever enough to become an owl, that is another thing. You would have to be very clever indeed, and, though I might take the trouble to teach you from now till night-break, I don't suppose you would ever learn."

For, to tell you the truth, the Owl did not know in the very least *how* a little boy could become either an owl or a man, but she would not have owned that she did not know for the very fattest mouse in the field.

"I think, if you don't mind, I won't trouble you to teach me how to become an owl," said Tod very civilly, for he did not want to give offence. "I will become a man, if you will just tell me how to set about it. I suppose it is much easier?"

"Easier!" hooted the Owl. "Easier! I should think it was indeed! Any idiot can become a man. It takes brains to become an owl. And brains you certainly have not got, so there's an end of *that*. And as for helping you to become a man I shall do nothing of the sort. I do not approve of men, and anything I don't approve of ought not to be allowed."

For she was getting very cross indeed, first of all because Tod had asked her something she did not know, and secondly because she was getting very sleepy again, and the glare of the sun hurt her eyes.

"I think if you do know how I could become a man and won't tell me, it is very horrid of you," said Tod, for he saw there was nothing to be gained by being polite and respectful. Which was not very nice of him to look at it

in that way, but as I am telling you a story about Tod I must tell you the truth about how he behaved, even if he did not behave nicely, mustn't I?

But the Owl was so furious at a little boy daring to tell her that she was horrid, that she flapped both her wings right in his face and shrieked with rage. Which was not a very dignified thing for an old lady to do, but she had never been so insulted before—at least, so she said.

Tod was so frightened when she did this that he tumbled right off the branch down on to the grass below; and if it had not been that the grass was very soft, and that little boys have nine lives like the pussy cats, there is no knowing what might not have happened. As it was, Tod only got a bad shaking and a *very* bad temper from his tumble, for he ran and picked up a large stone and threw it as hard as he could at the Owl's front door. But she had already gone back to bed and was snoring again, and it's no good throwing stones at a person like that, is it?



HE TUMBLED RIGHT DOWN ON TO THE GRASS BELOW.

By this time Tod was very hot and rather tired, and a good deal disappointed, for he *had* thought the Owl would tell him what he wanted to know. So he went on with his hands in



MEADOW SWEET, WITH HER NEW LITTLE CALF.

his pockets and his hat on the back of his head, looking very cross indeed, until he came to Meadow Sweet, his father's beautiful Jersey cow, with her new little calf, standing by the

gate of the field. Tod was very fond of Meadow Sweet, and the new calf was quite lovely, just like a little deer. They were very fond of Tod too, and very often at milking time Meadow Sweet would give him a glass of beautiful rich milk.

"Oh, Meadow Sweet, can *you* tell me how to become a man?" asked Tod, as she put her soft black nose through the gate for him to stroke.

"You must grow big and strong, and good and brave," said Meadow Sweet. "I don't know any other way."

"Oh, I know all *that*," cried Tod impatiently. "But I want to be a man straight away."

"Why should you want that?" asked Meadow Sweet. "I'm sure your little mother would not like it at all. Any more than I should like my little girl here to grow up all at once into a cow. Anyway I cannot tell you how to do it, I am afraid. But would you mind opening the gate for me, please? It was blown to last night by the wind, and

we cannot get to the stream in the other field, and I am so thirsty."

"No, I won't," said Tod rudely. "You won't help me, and so I won't help you."

I'm sorry to have to tell you that Tod said this, but he really did. But you must not think that Tod was always so disagreeable and rude, he could be a very nice boy indeed, but he could not get what he wanted this particular morning, you see, and some little boys, and girls too, when they can't get what they want can be very, very cross and rude indeed.

Then Tod ran down to the stream himself, and lay flat down on the ground and dipped his face in the water, after which he felt rather better and not quite so cross. There was a tall grey Heron very busy fishing in one of the pools under the trees, and Tod asked him if he could tell him how to be a man, but the Heron only said :—

"Tell you how to be a man, little boy? No, I can't. But I can show you how to fish, which is much more important. Look here."

And he whisked a poor little fish out of the water with his long beak, and swallowed him, head first and tail after, and Tod saw the poor fish go all down the Heron's long throat, and there was an end of him.

But poor Tod was too tired and too disheartened even to be cross with the Heron because he could not tell him, and he thought he would go home and find his mother, who was the most comfortable and understanding person in the world when you were hot and tired and disappointed, and on his way, just as he was going through the garden, he met the most beautiful Bull Dog you ever saw in your life. Tod had never seen him before, and wondered where on earth he had come from.

"Oh, you beauty," he said, for Tod *loved* dogs. "Where did you come from, and who do you belong to?"

"I belong to Dick," said the Bull Dog. "And I'm waiting for him here while he talks to the ladies in the drawing-room. You see ladies are not much in my line."

"Who's Dick?" asked Tod. "Is he a little boy?" And Tod thought he must be a very lucky boy if he had a dog like this.

"No, Dick's a man," said the Bull Dog, "and Dick's a hero. Dick's just home from fighting, and he fights very well, I can tell you."

Tod had put his arm round the dog's neck, and he began to lick Tod's face, for he saw that there was something wrong. Dogs always know when there is anything wrong, just like mothers do.

"What's the matter, little boy?" he asked.

"I want to be a man," said poor Tod. "I want to be a man dreadfully—a man like your Dick, you know. And I can't find out how to set about it. I want to be a man straight away, you see."

"Better ask Dick," said the Bull Dog. "He ought to know if any one does."

"Is this Dick?" asked Tod; but he need not have asked, for the dog was out of his arms like an eel, and tearing up the path to meet the man who had just come out of

the house, and was running round and round him with delight.

Dick wasn't a very big man, or anything very wonderful to look at. In fact he was rather a quiet-looking sort of fellow. He had a brown face which was very thin, and his eyes were very blue, and when he smiled Tod liked him directly. He had come into the garden, he explained, to wait for Tod's Aunt Rosamund, and perhaps while he waited Tod would show him round a bit.

Tod was only too delighted. A boy does not get a hero just back from fighting all to himself every day, and Tod asked him any amount of questions and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

But as Dick went down the garden path between the piled up flowers he caught sight of the poor little Rose-bud that the Green Blight had settled on. He stopped at once.

"Poor little thing, it will never get a chance to bloom properly with all that filthy Blight on it," he said; and he took it all off very carefully.

"You get to know what a rose is worth out in the Soudan, little chap," he said when he came back to Tod, who was waiting for him on the path and feeling very much ashamed of himself somehow. Dick had just been telling him what the Soudan was like, how bare and hot and dusty, with no trees or flowers anywhere. And the great crimson Mother Rose nodded at Tod. "A man is so full of help for us fragile helpless things," she said.

When they got to the end of the flower walk Dick stopped talking and listened for a minute. "By Jove, there's a bird in distress over there," he said. "Let's go and see if we can help, Tod."

So Tod followed him across the field and felt more ashamed than ever.

When they got to the hedge the poor little Bullfinch was down on the ground trying hard to teach her poor little baby to fly up to the nest again. Only, as he had no tail or wing feathers yet, it was quite hopeless.

Dick swung himself up the stem of a tree near at hand and looked over the hedge. "It's a bird tumbled out of its nest, and the poor little mother in no end of a state," he said to Tod. "That hedge is too stiff to jump. Which is the shortest way round?"

Tod showed him, feeling much too miserable now to even ask any more questions about the wars, and Dick picked the poor little Bullfinch up very gently and put him back in the nest. "Lucky we found it in time, wasn't it, Tod?" he said. "A cat or a rat would have been bound to get hold of it."

And the Mother Bullfinch was singing softly: "A man always helps the weak things who are in trouble and can't help themselves."

"Time we were getting back, or we shall be keeping your aunt waiting," said Dick, and Tod led him back through the gate where poor Meadow Sweet was still waiting to get through for a drink of water.

Dick's quick eyes saw what was wrong at

once. "Ought this gate to be shut, Tod?" he asked. "There's no water in the field the cows are in now, and it's precious thirsty weather."

"No, it ought not to be shut," said Tod in a very small voice, as he opened the gate very wide for Meadow Sweet to go through, and she looked at him with her great soft eyes and said "Thank-you," which he certainly did not deserve.

"Men are always generous, Tod," she said, "and don't only do things for you when you do things for them."

"How long did it take you to learn to be a man?" Tod asked Dick when they got back to the garden, for he had quite made up his mind now that, like everything else worth being, it took a long time to be.

"How long, little chap?" asked Dick laughing. "Well, upon my word I am not sure that *I* have learnt how to be a man *yet*. It takes some learning you know, Tod."

And then Aunt Rosamund came out of the front door, and Tod knew from experience

that it was no good him asking men questions when she was there, they always wanted to talk to her, so he sat down and rested under a tree and Dick and Aunt Rosamund disappeared among the flowers, while Tod sat and thought a great many very serious thoughts, and made a great many good resolutions; some of which I am afraid he broke, and some of which I am glad to say he kept. And presently Dick and Aunt Rosamund came back, walking very slowly, and they were so very occupied with each other, that they never saw Tod at all, and as they passed him what do you think Rosamund was saying?

“How could you think I should ever care for him, Dick?” she was saying. “He is not a Man, he is a Thing!”

And this gave Tod a cold shiver all down his back, for he knew that he had been very near becoming a Thing instead of a Man. And then he went in and found his mother and told her all about it, which is the best thing for a boy, or a man either, for the

matter of that, to do, when he has just escaped a danger of that sort.

And Tod is still hard at work learning how to become a man to this day.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY?"

CHAPTER II.

THE ENCHANTED TOWER.

TOD was tired of all his games ; tired of riding races on his big rocking-horse Dobbin ; tired of fighting battles with his red-coated soldiers against the black savages ; tired of playing bears in the jungle, which was the shrubbery beyond the lawn ; tired of keeping house all by himself in the hollow trunk of the oak tree ; sick and tired of them all. If he had had some one to play them with him it would have been a very different thing, he thought. But Tod had never had any brothers, and only one little sister whom the angels had taken back to Heaven, and so he nearly always had to play his games alone. No children lived near him except the "Not Fit to Know Family". Tod always called them that because when he asked his mother to let

him ask them to come and play with him, she always said, "I'm very sorry, Tod, but they are such badly behaved little children that they are not fit for you to know".

So Tod could only watch them from a distance when they went by the front gate, and he soon came to the conclusion that there was a great deal in what his mother had said, for the eldest little boy, whose name was Bobby, was the wickedest, naughtiest little boy in the world, and his brother George was the dirtiest little boy in the world. Tod heard their governess say so many times as they went by. They seemed to be always naughty and dirty. It was quite terrible. And once Bobby put out his tongue at Tod as he went by and said, "Yah!" And Tod felt quite glad for the moment that he did not know him, but at other times he thought that even the dirtiest and naughtiest boys in the world would be better to play with than none at all.

He thought so this particular afternoon when he was so tired of all his games, and he watched Bobby and George playing at

rescuing their sister Annabel from a dragon, down in the field by the river. George was the dragon and Bobby was the knight riding on a stick with a sword in his hand, and Annabel screamed beautifully.

Tod watched them from the top of the kitchen garden-wall, and thought how difficult it was to pretend properly all by oneself. He was not generally so hard up for something to amuse himself with, but it was holiday time, and generally in holiday time his cousin Betty came to stay with him. But this summer she had got the measles and could not come till she was quite well and free from infection. And Tod's mother was away for a few days, which made everything very trying. And there was literally nobody to play with but Miss Gripper. Miss Gripper was Tod's governess and she was splendid at lessons. Tod really quite liked his lessons with her, she made them so interesting. But, oh ! dear me; she was no good at all at anything else. You could not imagine her playing at anything.



MISS GRIPPER.

Tod went and looked at her through the schoolroom window and wondered if there *was* any game she *could* play. She was sitting up to the table reading out of a great big dry-looking brown book. Tod knew it was a very learned book, because they were all bound in that peculiar shade of dingy brown. Her spectacles were on her nose, and her forehead all wrinkled with the difficulty of understanding what she was reading, and every now and then she wrote down something out of the big book into a little book lying on the table. She had a very long hooked nose and a very long upper lip, and her hair was brushed down very smoothly on each side of her forehead, which made her look very severe and sensible. No, Tod sighed, you could not pretend Miss Gripper was a forlorn damsel imprisoned by a cruel wizard in an enchanted tower. You would know quite well all the time that she would have said, "Stuff and nonsense! Enchanted Towers, indeed!" and just knocked the old wizard down with the big brown book, and

then she would have explained to you, how "Imagination allowed to run riot leads to many and great evils," or "Things which do not exist cannot be facts, and it is facts we have to deal with in this world," or some such sentence with long words in it which one could not understand. It was impossible to imagine Miss Gripper playing bears in the shrubbery either. The very idea of her crawling on all fours and springing with a howl from behind a bush made one feel quite disrespectful, and as for a bear jumping suddenly upon her and tearing her to pieces, to the accompaniment of her heart-rending cries for assistance, well, it simply was not to be thought of. Once she had consented to so far unbend as to imagine that Tod was a spirited steed that she was to drive with scarlet reins and bells, and that was going to bolt and take her over the edge of a precipice (a high grass bank in the garden) to her destruction. But as she held the reins with one hand, and a book which she read all the time in the other, and when Tod pranced

over the precipice in great style, and kicked in agonies at the bottom, only stood at the top and said, "Oh, is this the accident?" it was not a conspicuous success.

No, it was no good thinking of any help from Miss Gripper in passing the afternoon. Tod sighed again, and this time so grievously that he upset himself off the pot on which he always stood on tiptoe to look in at the schoolroom window, and came down with a crash on to the ground. Miss Gripper's spectacles peered over the window-sill.

"What are you doing now, Theodore?" she said severely.

"I want some one to play with," said Tod ruefully and a little crossly, as he rubbed his poor elbow which had suffered in the fall.

"You had better take a book and amuse yourself quietly," said Miss Gripper. This was what she always said on these occasions. "Here is one that you will find amusing and also instructive, as it will show you the folly of exaggeration, and also the ridicule attached to it."

Then she went away and presently came back with a flat, green book, with *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* written on it in large gold letters. It did not look a bad sort of book for a wet day, Tod thought, as he carried it away to the seat under the trees on the lawn, as Miss Gripper told him, but on a fine sunny day in July you did not want to read about other people's adventures, you wanted to have some of your own. And then a splendid idea came into Tod's head. I don't know that Miss Gripper would have thought it very splendid or his mother either, for Tod's idea was to go out into the world and find an adventure for himself. His eyes sparkled with delight and his cheeks got quite red as he thought of it. The only silly thing was, that he had never thought of it before. Why, of course, that was what all the knights and men and boys in the books did : they did not wait for the adventures to come to them, or pretend at having them, they just went out into the world and looked for them, real ones.

Tod sat down on the seat with *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* on his knees and thought it all out. Then he went into the house and slung his new gun across his shoulders with a strap, put his dagger into his waistband, and all the money he had, one shilling in silver and fourpence halfpenny in coppers, into his pocket.

“‘And his aged father gave him his good sword.’ The dagger will have to do for that, as my sword’s broke,” said Tod to himself. “‘And he gave him also a silver crown, ‘Take it, my son, with my blessing’”—I shall have to go without a blessing, Miss Gripper won’t give me one—‘and go forth into the great world and carve thy fortunes’. Slaying dragons and rescuing damsels is always the best way. And I must take a crust of bread in my wallet lest I faint by the way.”

Cook, who was of a kindly nature where little boys were concerned, supplied the crust of bread and a piece of cheese, which Tod dearly loved, thereto.

“I need not take any water, because I can

get that out of the river," Tod said. But he did not tell Cook that he was going on the river, for this was a thing not allowed.

The river that ran below the garden was the very prettiest little river that you can possibly imagine, and it went twisting and twirling and singing and gurgling for miles and miles between high banks covered with flowers, and through lovely shady woods, and past great fields until it came to another river much larger than itself, and then the big river said, "Come, little brother," and took the little river up in its arms and carried it away to the sea.

Tod's father kept a boat on the river, in a little house of its own, and in the warm summer weather he would take Tod and his mother out for a row, and teach Tod how to manage the boat, and scull (which is rowing with two oars at once) and steer.

Tod had never been out in the boat alone before, and his expedition in search of an adventure began to be exciting the moment he untied the boat from its fastening and let

it glide out of its house into the stream. He thought he would not go up the stream, because it was very hard work to row the boat against it, and would take such a long time, so he just let it glide of itself down the stream with the current, and steered it as well as he could with the two oars. It bumped very often against the banks, because the river twisted and twirled about so that it was very difficult to keep a boat straight on it, and very often the bumps bumped Tod right off his seat and hurt him a good deal ; but Tod was a tough little Englishman, and did not mind a knock or two, especially if it helped him on his way, and every time the boat bumped it went off again faster than ever, so every time Tod was bumped off his seat he clung tight hold of his oars and picked himself up and went on trying to keep the boat straight.

Now Tod was bent on going to a certain Tower that he had often seen when his father took him down the river. It was a very odd Tower, because however far you rowed you

never got away from it, and it was always turning up suddenly where you least expected it. The first time you saw it, it was lying away to the right, on the top of its hill, and you rowed away and away and left it, so you thought, far behind, and then all of a sudden there it was right in front of you. Then it disappeared as suddenly as it came and you could not see it anywhere even if you were as tall as Tod's father and stood up on tiptoe in the boat to look. And then, when you thought you would never find it again, there it was, a long, long way in front of you, and you felt you would have to row for at least an hour before you got to it, and after all you never did get to it, for it disappeared and turned up suddenly just behind you. There never was such an aggravating Tower, and often as Tod had been on the river with his father they had never got to that Tower. Mother said, of course, it was enchanted, and shut up inside for a hundred years there was no doubt a most beautiful Princess. And of course the poor thing could never get out,

because no Prince could ever get to the Tower.

But Tod had made up his mind to get there and, oh! what an adventure it would be. Father and Mother would forgive him for going out in the boat by himself when he brought them home a wonderful Princess, in a gown of grass-green silk embroidered with roses and a little gold cap on her head, whom he had rescued from a wicked wizard and brought home to be his wife when he grew up.

He decided to get out of the boat just at the place where the Tower seemed to stand up right in front of you, for that was certainly the place where it looked nearest. The stream ran fast, and the boat bumped and bumped so that it was not so very long before he got there, and the boat bumped the bank just at the right place, so that Tod could catch hold of the branch of an overhanging willow tree and pull it in close and snug under the bank, and tie it to the trunk of the tree before he got out.

Then he sat down among the cool, long grass, and ate his bread and cheese and looked about him. There was a big field to be crossed first, and then came a thick wood, and above the tops of the tallest trees he could see the Tower looking at him. There were windows quite at the top of it he could see, and they were just opposite each other on either side so that you could see the sky through, and it looked just like two blue eyes.

When Tod had finished his bread and cheese he knelt down by the river and drank some water, because, as he said to himself, there was no knowing when he should taste food or drink again. Then he looked to see that his gun was properly loaded and took his dagger firmly in his right hand. He had made up his mind that there were probably snakes and adders in the long meadow grass waiting to bite any one who should dare attempt the ascent to the Tower. The wood beyond would be guarded by bears and lions, and there his gun would be the best weapon to use.

He wished for a minute as he started that Betty was with him, somebody's hand to hold would have been a great comfort, but then he reminded himself that Betty was only a girl, and would probably have screamed and got frightened, and then he would have had to attend to her instead of looking out for snakes and wild beasts to kill. So he went forward boldly, looking where he put each foot, and keeping a sharp lookout on both sides. Once in the distance, lying on a little smooth hillock, he saw a long brown thing, and his breath came very fast and he clutched his dagger tightly. This was evidently the Watchman Snake stationed on an eminence to warn all the other snakes that an intruder was at hand. The Watchman Snake lay so very still that Tod saw at once that he must have gone to sleep at his post, so he crept softly past him, hardly daring to breathe, and directly he had got behind him he ran as hard as he could go to the edge of the wood.

It was a very dark, thick wood, and all along its edge ran a very thick prickly hedge

covered all over with wild roses. Then Tod knew at once who the Princess shut up in the Tower was. She was the Sleeping Beauty. And the hedge *was* thick. He did not wonder that the Princes had none of them been able to get through it. He looked about for their bones bleaching in the sun. But there was only one little bone to be seen, so evidently nobody had attempted to get through for many hundred years. Tod wondered if he would perish in his attempt to reach the Princess, and if his bones would lie bleaching in the sun, but it did not do to think about that too much. It was much better to think about the honour and glory that would be his if he did *not* perish, but rescued the Princess. But, as I said before, the hedge *was* thick, and Tod wished with all his heart that he could still talk the language of the trees and the flowers, then he knew the Wild Rose would have let him through in a moment ; but, alas ! no little boy, even in the days when Tod was a boy, could talk the bird and tree and beast talk after they were seven years old, and Tod

was nearly nine now and a big boy for his age.

But, after all, it was one of his old playfellows who helped him, for while he was wondering how on earth he should ever get through, an old hare came jumping across the grass and disappeared, just below where Tod was standing, through the hedge. Now where a big old hare can go a little boy, if he is not too fat, can go too, Tod thought. So he ran down the hedge to see, and sure enough there was a hole, not as big quite as Tod could have wished, but at any rate big enough to get through with a squeeze. So through with a squeeze he went head foremost, and a rather bad squeeze it was, but Tod was not going to turn back for anything. The worst of it was, when he got to the other side he found that the brown earth and the green grass had stained all the front of his clean white suit, and one of the big thorns had torn a great rent in his coat. As for his hands they were quite filthy, and altogether he did not think he could look at all nice to appear before the

Princess. Especially as, of course, she was expecting a Prince and not a little boy at all. However, the Princes had never got in to rescue her, and he had. And anyway a little boy in a torn and dirty suit was better than nobody at all.

And now Tod did not quite know which way to go, the wood was so thick and dark, for the great big branches hid all the sun, and of course he could not see any more just where the Tower was. Fancy, he thought, if when he got through the wood it should have quite disappeared, or be lying right away behind him instead of in front, like it did when you were rowing on the river. The very thought of such a thing made Tod quite hot. After all he had gone through, if this *should* happen! It would not do to think of it, so he just made up his mind to plunge straight into the wood and trust to his luck to go towards the Tower.

This required more courage than all that had gone before, for he could only see a very little way in front of him, and there were such

extraordinary noises and rustlings and whisperings in the bushes on each side of him, he felt that there must be any amount of bears and lions there, and if they were suddenly to jump out at him, why, he would have no time to shoot them before they ate him up.

And while he was thinking this something *did* jump out of the bushes right in front of him, and poor Tod was so horribly startled that he very, very nearly screamed, which would have been an awful thing for any boy of nine to do who at all valued his self-respect. And the next minute he saw that it was only the same old brown hare who had showed him how to get through the hedge, and then of course he understood. The brown hare was a fairy who was showing him the way to the Tower, by a path where he would not meet any of the bears and wild beasts who were on the look out for him. So he crashed boldly through the bushes just where the hare had disappeared and sure enough found himself in a little green path, which led him to a

big wooden door all studded with great nails, in a high stone wall.

Tod could not see the Tower, but of course it was on the other side of the wall, and the question was how he was to get through the door. There was no handle to open it by, only a big keyhole with no key in it, and Tod banged against it with all his weight and it did not move the least little bit, so it was evidently locked. No, there was no possible way of getting through it. However, Tod had not lived to be nine years old without knowing that if you cannot get through a difficulty the only way is to get over it. Whatever else you do, anyway you must not run away from it. In the first place it will meet you somewhere else if you do, and go on meeting you till you do go through or over it, and in the second place it is only cowards who run away from difficulties, and as for people who cry over them, well, the less said about them the better.

So Tod ran up and down the wall to see if he could find a place to climb up it, and



UP TOD WENT AND WAS SITTING ON THE TOP OF THE WALL
IN NO TIME.

presently he came to a place where the stone was worn away in little holes which just did to put his toes into and hang on to with his fingers, and then up Tod went and was sitting on the top of the wall in no time.

And when he got to the top he said, “O-h-h-h!” and just sat there quite still staring. For he was looking at more flowers than he had ever seen all at once in his whole life. There were millions and millions of them everywhere. Great beds of geraniums and yellow calceolarias and heliotrope that Tod could smell from where he sat, and begonias of every colour, and thousands of poppies of every size, and heaps and heaps of roses and honeysuckle and clematis and syringa and lots of other beautiful flowers that Tod did not know the names of. And one great tree all covered with the biggest white flowers Tod had ever seen, like great cups they were, half full of gold, and when the wind blew softly some of the white petals fell and dropped down—down. Tod’s eyes followed them and

then he said “O-h-h-h!” again. For there was the Princess!

How stupid the story-books were always to say she was in a room at the top of the Tower! Why, there she was fast asleep under the tree, in the middle of all the flowers.

Tod slipped down the other side of the wall in such a hurry that he fell and nearly broke his nose, but he did not stop to think of that he was so anxious to get to the Princess. So he picked himself up very quickly and went softly over the velvet grass to her side, and then he stopped quite still looking at her. She was so very, very beautiful. Tod had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

She was ever so fast asleep, as any one would be who had been asleep for hundreds of years, and she was lying in a long chair covered with red and gold and a great gold silk cushion under her head. Her dress was all pure white with lots of lace on it, and on her head was a little cap something the shape of a crown all edged and covered with pearls.

And her face was more beautiful than any flower amongst all the flowers that bloomed around her. She had long, long eyelashes lying on her soft pink cheeks, and her hair was all in soft dark curls of silk on her white forehead, and her mouth was just like a red flower.

Tod stooped down and kissed it. That he knew was the proper way to wake the Sleeping Beauty.

She opened her eyes directly, big beautiful eyes, shining like stars, and at first she looked very frightened.

"Who are you?" she said: "And what do you want?"

"If you please, Princess," said Tod, "I have come to rescue ——"

But at the word rescue she sprang up at once and clapped her hands together with joy.

"At last!" she cried. "At last! And I had almost given up hope! But why do they send you, a child? Is it that they are afraid to venture? Cowards! Cowards all!"

Oh! it was splendid to see her, with her eyes blazing and her hands clenched. She *was* a Princess.

"I was the only one who could get in," said Tod proudly. "The bones of the others lie bleaching outside the briar hedge where they perished."

Then the Princess looked very sad. "Is it so indeed?" she said. "My poor brave fellows. And I thought they had deserted me in my captivity. Are there none left then of all my brave following, none but this faithful boy?"

Tod did not quite understand this, but she *was* talking like a Princess and no mistake. "I don't know whether they have all perished, or whether any more will be coming to try and rescue you," he said. "But if they do they will be too late, because I have rescued you, and I will take you home to my father and mother and they'll take care of you, and see you don't get shut up here again."

"Is that so?" asked the Princess. "Will

your brave father indeed shelter and protect one so unfortunate as I ? ”

“ Yes, I’m sure he will,” said Tod stoutly ; would not any man protect a woman so lovely and so royal ? “ He’s not at home just now, but you can stay with me until he comes back, Princess.”

It was not a moment for thinking of what Miss Gripper might say.

“ Why call you me Princess ? ” asked the lady. “ I am a *Queen* ! ” And when she said this she drew herself up to her full height, and she was very tall, and looked more splendid than ever. “ Even my enemies cannot take that from me. All else have they taken, husband and child and friend, my kingdom and my royal state ; until now I am left without even one maid of honour to attend me, or a single henchman to do my bidding. But I am a Queen still.”

This puzzled Tod a good deal. He had thought it was always a Princess who was shut up in an Enchanted Tower, and he had

never read of one who had had a husband. They always married the Prince who rescued them.

“I’m sorry I made a mistake, Queen,” he said ; for she looked very offended. “I always heard you were a Princess. And I am sorry you have got a husband, because I thought you would marry me when I was grown up.”

But she was not listening to what Tod was saying, she was looking straight in front of her as if she saw some horrible thing. Then she clutched Tod’s shoulder and spoke in a whisper.

“Sometimes I am fearful that my enemies will take more from me yet,” she said. “Even my life itself. At any moment they may come—I feel it—to murder me.”

Tod turned quite pale when he heard this. Fancy if they were to come and kill her before they could get away.

“You must come quick,” he said. “Come and get over the wall. It is quite easy.”

He took her hand and began to pull her

along, and she went with him a few steps and then stopped.

"I must fetch my jewels first, and my crown," she said. "Wait here for me, my noble preserver. I shall not be long."

Tod looked at the Tower. He could see that it belonged to a big house now, standing some distance from the garden of flowers. He thought it was very unsafe for her to go back at all and let her enemies see that she was awake. But of course a Queen's crown was rather an important thing to leave behind. And just then a man appeared suddenly on the other side of the flower garden, and Tod's heart gave a great jump, and he pulled his dagger out of his waistband in a great hurry.

But the Queen seemed quite pleased to see him.

"Ah, my faithful friend," she said, as he came across the grass, "here at last is a chance of escape. This noble youth has braved the perils of an entry here to tell me of a safe harbour in his father's house for me

till the pursuit has passed over, and from there I can escape to Scotland and raise the royal standard."

Tod could not make out quite what she meant by this, but the man seemed to understand, and he took her hand very respectfully while he held his hat in the other hand, and begged her to sit down while they discussed the matter. So she sat down and the man stood in front of her with his hat still off, and they talked and talked a great deal while Tod waited. He did not like to interrupt as she was a Queen, but he thought it very silly to waste precious time like this.

Presently the man turned round and beckoned to Tod and said : " Her Majesty would speak with you ". So Tod went and stood in front of her with his hat off too, as that seemed the proper thing to do. And the Queen began to speak to him very sweetly, but in such a royal fashion that Tod felt quite shy.

" Loyal follower," she said, " my trusty and well-beloved servant here has repre-

sented to me how the time is not yet ripe for escape, and that I shall only do my cause harm instead of good by attempting it. Though in good sooth my heart yearns so for freedom that I am sore tempted to be unwise. Still a Queen must think of others besides herself, and if as my good friend assures me I shall jeopardise the safety of my brave followers who work for me, and endanger the success of their plans for my restoration to my kingdom by an escape at the present time, I must even forbear. But I thank you, friend, most heartily." And here she gave him her hand, and Tod went down on one knee on the grass and kissed it, as he knew was the proper fashion with Queens.

This seemed to please her very much, and she bent forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"I have no other reward to give you," she said. "But when you are a man you can say that Mary of Scotland kissed you."

Then she got up and went away leaning

on the man's arm, and Tod sat down in the red and gold cushioned chair and held his head with both hands, he was so puzzled. She was not the Sleeping Beauty after all, or a Princess. She was a Queen, and her name was Mary of Scotland. Now of course Tod knew that there had been a Queen Mary of Scotland, but she had lived hundreds of years ago, and though she had been shut up in lots of Towers she could not have been put to sleep in them by any wizard, because she had had her head cut off by Queen Elizabeth. Every one knew that. And though the story-books could, and evidently did, make mistakes sometimes, the history books could not possibly do so.

Tod could not understand it at all. But anyway he *had* had a real Adventure, there was no mistake about that.

Just as he was thinking all this, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he jumped so—well, it was a wonder he did not jump right out of his skin. But it was only the man come back again.

"Well, little fellow," he said, "and how did you find your way in here?"

"I came through the briar-hedge, and over the wall," said Tod.

The man lifted his eyebrows. "Oh!" he said. "Do you usually go about getting over other people's walls into other people's gardens?"

Now this sounded rather terrible, but Tod was not very frightened, because the man looked so nice, and there was a little twinkle in his eye when he said it, which Tod understood.

"No," he answered, "not usually. I came here to rescue the Princess, but she's not a Princess at all, she's a Queen."

"And what made you think there was a Princess here to rescue?" asked the man.

"Well, you see," said Tod, "I've often seen this Tower from the river, and as it was always appearing and disappearing and we could never get to it, I knew it must be an enchanted Tower. And there *generally* is a Princess in an enchanted Tower. And this

afternoon I was tired of pretending things all by myself, so I thought I'd go out into the world and seek an Adventure. And I wanted a real one. So I thought I'd come and rescue the Princess if I could get to the Tower. And I did get here, through the snakes in the field, and through the briar-hedge, and past all the wild beasts in the wood, and over the wall. And now she isn't a Princess at all. She's a Queen. And she won't let me rescue her. And she says she is Queen Mary of Scotland. And Queen Mary of Scotland had her head cut off hundreds of years ago, didn't she?"

"I believe so," said the man.

"Then she *isn't* Queen Mary of Scotland?" cried Tod, getting angry, he was so puzzled.

"No," said the man. "Not really. But she thinks she is, and that comes to the same thing for her, don't you see?"

"But *why* does she think she is?" cried Tod, more puzzled than ever. "Oh, do explain to me. I do so *hate* not understanding things!"

The man sat down on the chair and smiled at Tod. "Well," he said, "we most of us do hate it, but we have to put up with it all the same. However, I'll try and explain matters to you if I can. That poor lady thinks she is Queen Mary when she is really nothing of the sort. But she is so certain that she is, that the only kind thing to do is to pretend you think so too, and treat her as much as possible like a Queen. That is why she is shut up here. Because if she went out into the world no one would treat her like a Queen, and that would hurt her very much, and a great many people would laugh at her and make fun of her, and that would hurt her still more. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Tod. "But what makes her think she's Queen Mary when she's not? I pretend I'm lots of people. St. George killing the dragon, and Richard Lionheart fighting against the Saracens, and Harold dying under his flag at the Battle of Hastings, but I know in my inside all the time that I am Tod Wyndham."

"Yes," said the man, "but this lady's is a particularly bad case, so bad that it is what we call a madness. Heaps of people pretend they are what they are not, that's another thing altogether. But at the same time there are lots of people too who are not at all mad, yet who think themselves something they are not. I've known plenty of men, and little boys too for the matter of that, who thought themselves very fine fellows indeed, when they were nothing of the sort, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tod. "There's Everard Tewson. He thinks he's cleverer and better than any other fellow in the world. And he's a little *beast*."

"That's not a very pretty word to call anybody, little chap," said the man. "All the same it would be a great deal better for Master Everard if he thought himself a beast, instead of such a wonderful fellow. But it's very difficult to see oneself as others see us."

"I don't want to think I'm something I'm not, whether it's good *or* bad," said Tod. "How can one see oneself right?"

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "the best way is to get outside yourself and look."

"Can you do that?" asked Tod.

"I'm afraid I can't, quite," said the man. "But I try hard. You'd better do the same. Try the next time you are being specially naughty or disagreeable. I suppose you are both sometimes."

"Y-e-e-s-s," said Tod, but he said it very doubtfully, and the man laughed.

"You've never got outside yourself and looked on those occasions, I expect," he said. "And now how did you come here and how are you getting home?"

And when he heard that Tod had come in a boat and would have to row himself back against the stream he said: "That's rather hard and dangerous work even for a bold Adventurer like you". And then he called to another man, a gardener, and told him to row Tod home.

"Good-bye, little chap," he said. "And give your father Dr. Leigh's respects, and tell him the next time he comes to see me I

hope he'll bring you too. And then perhaps you will see my poor Queen of Scotland again."

"Oh, do you know my father?" cried Tod, very much astonished. "Yes, I'd like to come please and see the Queen. She is so beautiful, even if she isn't a real one. But I wish she had been a Princess."

But on the whole Tod thought he had had rather a fine adventure, and a real one too, although he had not found the Princess, and, as he thought to himself going home, he had never *quite* expected to do that. And he *had* had a lovely afternoon, not a bit dull, and —— But just then the boat stopped at his own landing, and there—well, there was Miss Gripper, and Miss Gripper *very* angry too.

But even when Tod found himself in bed with no supper, and lessons again to-morrow morning for a punishment, he felt that his adventure was worth even that, and after all it might have been worse. He might have been in the dungeons of the enchanted Tower.

CHAPTER III.

HOW BETTY NEARLY BECAME A LITTLE TRAMP GIRL.

Tod's mother had come home again, and Miss Gripper had gone away for *her* holiday, and Betty had got over the measles and was free from infection, so altogether Tod ought to have been enjoying himself very much. But, as it happened, he was not enjoying himself at all, and he felt he *ought* to have been, which made it all the more aggravating. And the trouble was this. His little playfellow Betty was so altered since she had had the measles that you would hardly have known her for the same little girl. She had always had a very hot temper, but that Tod had felt was as much her misfortune as her fault. She had such very red hair, and that did affect one's temper. But she had always been so sorry after her temper was over and begged his

pardon, and kissed him rather more than he really liked, and been ready to play any game he chose.

These holidays it was very different. She was nearly always in a temper, Tod thought, and not a bit sorry afterwards. And she always wanted him to play exactly what she liked, and she would have the best parts in all their pretend games, and if she didn't get them she wouldn't play.

It was perfectly horrid, and Tod sometimes wished he was alone again, because nobody can like quarrelling all day.

Certainly Betty was just as cross and disagreeable to every one else, but that did not make it any nicer for Tod. He could not speak to his mother about it because that would have been telling tales, and with all his faults Tod was at heart a gentleman ; but one day, when he and Betty had had a rather worse quarrel than usual, his mother spoke to him, and told him how, when any one was ill, every one let them have their own way as much as possible, and it was often very diffi-

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SHE WAS NEARLY ALWAYS IN A TEMPER.

cult for them to learn to give up having their own way again after they had got so used to having it. And also that though they might be supposed to be quite well and to have got over their illness altogether, yet they often felt weak and tired for a long time after, and *that* made it difficult for them to be good-tempered and bright. And then she spoke to him ever so sweetly about being nice to Betty. "And remember, Tod," she said, "boys should not fight with girls or be rude to them. It isn't manly."

So after that Tod tried very hard to have patience with Betty, because he *did* always want to please his mother, and as we know he *did* want to become a man. But, oh! dear me, it *was* hard work! And Betty seemed to get worse and worse instead of better.

Of course Tod had told Betty all about his wonderful real adventure at the enchanted Tower directly she arrived, and Betty was simply wild to have an adventure too, and she was terribly cross with Tod because he would not take her out on the river in search of one.

But Tod had promised his mother faithfully that he would never go out again on the river without her permission, and although I am sorry to say Tod was not always as good as he might have been, he never broke a solemn promise to his mother. So he and Betty only hunted about the fields and lanes, and climbed the tops of all the little hills which were scattered round Tod's home, in search of an adventure, but they never found one.

And this made Betty very cross. And this was how it came about that she started off all alone one day to find an adventure of her very own.

She had been very particularly naughty all the morning, and at dinner she had behaved so badly that her nurse had to give her a lecture upon her manners.

"Manners have nothing to do with it," said Betty crossly.

"Oh, indeed, they have," said Nurse. "I have been thinking lately, Miss Betty, that there is some mistake. You can never be the daughter of your nice pretty mamma who is

always so polite and has such pretty manners, like a lady should have. I think we must have got hold of the little girl belonging to the tramps we saw on the road this morning, your behaviour is such."

Betty did not like this idea at all. "I can't be a tramp's little girl," she cried, "because tramps don't have nice clothes and live in nice houses like I do."

"Clothes and houses don't have anything to do with making a lady," said Nurse. "It's whether your manners are those of a lady. And you'd better be careful, Miss Betty, or you won't turn out no lady after all."

"You're not a lady anyway, so you needn't talk," said Betty, very, very rudely. Indeed this speech was so rude that I hardly like to write it down, but still if one is telling a tale one must tell the truth. And Nurse was so shocked that she sat Betty on a chair for half an hour as a punishment. But it did not do her any good, and when Nurse let her get down and go out into the garden she was in a worse temper than ever.

She made up her mind not to look for Tod at all, though he had told her he would wait about till she came out, but to go off for a walk all by herself. Now this would have been a very good plan indeed, if she had only walked where she was allowed to go alone, for when one is cross and disagreeable and not trying to be anything else, the less one inflicts oneself on other people the better. But I am sorry to say Betty made up her mind to go across the Common, a big place all covered with gorse, and blackberry bushes, and heather, where she and Tod were forbidden to go by themselves.

"Nobody cares about me," said poor silly little Betty to herself. You know that is what people always think when they are cross. "And so if I do get lost it does not matter."

But really in her inside she was thinking that when she was lost Nurse and Tod would be sorry they had not been kinder to her. And then she pictured to herself how they might find her buried by the robins under the leaves like the Babes in the Wood, and how

they would shed tears and bitterly reproach themselves, and so on and so on, and a lot more stupid rubbish that she would have been ashamed of if she had not been in such a silly temper.

But presently, it was such a lovely day and there were so many flowers budding and blooming, and so many bees and butterflies about, and the air was so fresh and sweet, Betty began to feel a little better, and then she thought she would not get lost and starve to death in the wood after all. She would find a beautiful Prince in a lovely Castle, and he would fall in love with her and ask her to be his wife. And she would live with him in his Castle and wear a gold and silver dress covered with jewels, and a crown on her head. Then she would send for Tod and Nurse and say :—

“ You treated me very cruelly once, but now I am a Princess, and every one does exactly as I wish and I have whatever I want all day long, and if I chose I could be very cruel and unkind to you. But instead I will

forgive you, and you shall come to my banquets if you like, and play in my beautiful garden."

Yes, that would be much better than "perishing in the flower of her youth," like the Wood Babies. Betty began to quite get over her bad temper, as she pictured herself on a grand throne holding out her hand to Nurse to kiss. And instead of walking along with her legs dragging sulkily, and a very stiff offended back, Betty began to trip along prettily, as a little girl should.

She was a dear little body to look at, with rosy cheeks that were nice to kiss, and bright blue eyes. And she was wearing a little white silk frock all sprinkled over with blue forget-me-nots, and a big white straw hat all covered with forget-me-nots too, and very nice she looked, I can assure you.

She walked across the Common thinking of what she should say to the Prince when he came riding along on his milk-white steed, and jumped off and bent on one knee before her and said : "Damsel, never before have I

seen any so fair. Wilt thou be my Princess?"

But while poor little Betty was looking out for the Prince to come and meet her, and making up her mind what she should answer him, there were two very dreadful-looking people coming along behind her. They had been lying down among the gorse bushes, and when they saw Betty go by they had begun to whisper together, and then they had got up and followed her.

They were a man and a woman, very dirty and ragged, and they had great cruel red faces. Indeed they looked rather like the ogres that Betty and Tod read about in their fairy-tale books.

They followed Betty quite softly until she came to a very lonely place where you could not see a single house or anybody about. There was only the gorse and the heather all round you, and under a tree a dirty old tent, and standing by it an old white horse. Betty thought for one moment it must be the Prince's charger, but she soon saw her mis-

take. This poor horse was all dirty and shaggy, and his poor bones were sticking through his skin, and he stood with both his tired knees bent.

While Betty was looking at the horse, the woman behind her came up beside her and said, quite suddenly, so that Betty jumped right round : " So here you are, Polly, my dear. Where on earth have you been all this long time I should like to know ? "

She looked at Betty with a dreadful sort of smile on her great dirty red face, and the man came and stood beside her looking at Betty too, with the same sort of horrible smile, and his face was redder and dirtier and more dreadful-looking even than the woman's.

" I've just been taking a little walk," Betty said, her poor little legs shaking under her with fright. Oh, how she *wished* she had not been disobedient and come on to the Common. " I think I will go home now, if you will let me pass."

" Go 'ome? " said the man, and, oh, he had

such a horrible voice. "Why, you are at 'ome, ain't yer?"

"My home is over there," said Betty, pointing with her finger, but it was shaking so, she could hardly point. "Oh, please let me go."

"Let you go, and your 'ome is over there! Well, I never!" said the woman. "You'll be saying you don't know who *I* am next!"

"Nor I do," said Betty. "I never saw you before."

"Not know your own mother," the woman shrieked. "I never did hear tell of such a thing. You goes away from your 'ome all these weeks, an' then you comes back an' says you don't know your own mother. Oh, you bad wicked girl!"

And then Betty's heart did indeed sink within her. Had Nurse guessed right? And was she really a tramp's child, and not a little lady after all? Had there been some dreadful mistake, and was her dear pretty mamma not her mamma at all? And Betty thought of all the rude things she had

said to Nurse and Tod, and of her bad manners and ill-temper, and how different, how very different her mamma was.

"An on-natural child I calls 'er," said the man. "An on-natural child, as doesn't know 'er own father and mother when she meets 'em. An' runnin' away all this time too, an' in 'er best clothes as I bought for 'er an' gave 'er out of my 'ard earned money, an' as were not for everyday use, but to be put away careful. You just go inside the tent an' take 'em off at once, an' put on your other things, as is good enough for every day."

He took a step towards Betty as he spoke, and Betty was so frightened that she flapped her frock at him and screamed.

"You're not my father, and you didn't give me this frock, and I won't take it off," she said, and then she began to cry.

The man caught hold of her shoulder, and his hand was so dirty that Betty shrieked again. "Oh, I'm not your father, ain't I?" he said, and then he shook her till her teeth rattled in her head. "An' I didn't buy you

the frock didn't I?" And he shook her again till she couldn't see, she was so giddy. "An' you won't take it off, won't you?" And he shook her a third time, and when he let her go she dropped on to the ground in a heap, shaking and sobbing.

Then the man was going to kick her with his foot to make her get up, but the woman stopped him. "Best not be too hard on 'er, Tim," she said. "You leave 'er to me."

She handed Betty's nice hat which had fallen off to the man, and said, "That'll fetch something, Tim," and then she took hold of Betty's arm and lifted her up.

"Look 'ere, Polly," she said, "I don't know where you've bin all this time, but wherever it is you've learnt very bad manners there, a-screaming at nothing, an' contradicting of your father, an' not doin' what you're told. Now you just come along with me an' take off your best clothes, like a good girl, an' no more nonsense, for if you don't your father'll break every bone in your body."

Betty was almost as frightened when the

woman spoke like this as when the man shook her, because it made her feel that she was really a tramp's child, as Nurse had thought, and not a little lady at all. And she felt that if she went into the horrible dirty little tent and took off her nice clothes that that would be the end of her. She had lost the manners of a lady, which were much the most important, and then she would lose the clothes, and be really a little tramp altogether, with an awful tramp father and mother.

But directly she began to beg the woman not to take off her nice clothes, the man said, "Where's my stick?" and spoke a lot of words which Betty did not understand, and looked so red and cruel and terrible that Betty did not dare to say another word, and the woman took her hand and led her into the horrible dirty little tent.

And it *was* dirty! Dirtier inside than it looked out, and that was saying a great deal. Betty thought of her dear little blue and white bedroom at home, and the tears ran faster and faster down her cheeks, but she did not dare

to make a noise like she usually did when she cried for fear of the horrible man outside with his stick.

The woman took off everything Betty had on, even her brown silk stockings and brown shoes with their pretty bronze buckles. Then she gave her some horrible dirty rags to put on which it made her feel quite sick to touch.

"Oh, I can't put those on," she wailed. "I really can't."

"Can't?" said the woman. "We'll soon see about can't. That ain't a word my little girls have anything to do with."

Then she took up a bit of rope with a knot at the end of it and gave poor Betty a hit with the knot on her bare back.

"Now then," she said, "do you want any more, or are you going to do what you're told?"

The knotted rope stung horribly, though the woman had not hit her very hard the first time. "Just a little taste," she called it. But it was quite enough for Betty. She put on the dirty rags, sobbing so much, poor little

girl, that it would have broken her pretty kind mamma's heart to have heard her.

The woman did not give her any shoes and stockings to wear, but Betty did not mind, her little white feet seemed the only clean thing left about her, for the woman had untied the ribbon which held back her curls and rubbed both her great dirty hands all over them.

When this was all finished she gathered up all Betty's pretty nice clothes in a bundle and went outside with them to the man. Betty heard them talking together in whispers, and then the man said out loud, so that Betty heard the words:—

“ Tie 'er up, that's the best thing to do with 'er.”

And the woman came back into the tent, and took the rope up again and twisted it round and round Betty's waist, and then tied her tightly to the iron post in the middle of the tent. She tied her with her back to the post and her face to the side of the tent, so that she could not look out of the door.

Betty was too frightened now even to cry. "Are you going to *burn* me?" she asked the woman in a poor little whisper. For she knew that sometimes wicked people tied other people to stakes to burn them.

"Not if you behave yourself properly I won't," said the woman. "I'm just tying you up now so as you shan't run away from me again. But if you so much as calls out or makes a noise crying, I'll burn you sure enough, so you mind. I shall hear you if you makes the least sound, so you be careful."

Then she went away, and poor Betty cried and cried with the tears dripping down on to her poor little bare toes, but she did not dare to make even the least little sob. This was very different to meeting a beautiful Prince and living with him in a great palace, dressed in a golden dress with a crown upon her head. And then Betty thought of how rude and disagreeable and cross she had been, and wondered how she could ever have thought she was fit to be a Princess. Oh, how she

wished she had had better manners and behaved like a lady! Then perhaps this terrible thing would never have happened. But now, she was not a lady any more. She had behaved like a little tramp girl, and a little tramp girl she had become. Ah, she really could not bear it, she must get away somehow; she thought. If she could only get back to Tod and Nurse and tell them how sorry she was, and how she would never, never be rude and bad-mannered again, she felt sure they would forgive her, and let her have one more chance. And then she tugged against the rope that tied her, and struggled and struggled until she was quite exhausted. But it was no good, the knots only got tighter and tighter, and her poor little body felt as if it was being cut in two.

Then all of a sudden there was a rush and a scamper, and something dashed into the tent. Poor Betty began half a scream she was so frightened, but it changed suddenly into an "Oh!" of delight, for it was Tod's little fox terrier, Johnnie, and he sprang right

up into her arms when he found her and began licking the tears off her face.

"There, there," he was saying in his dog language as plainly as possible. "Don't cry any more. I've found you and everything will be all right!"

"Oh! Johnnie, Johnnie," cried Betty, "how did you manage to get in without that dreadful man and woman seeing you?" Then she remembered that they were somewhere about and spoke in a whisper. "Run home as fast as you can, Johnnie, and show Auntie and Nurse and Tod the way to where I am, and oh," she said to herself, "I'm sure they will come and take me away even though I have been so horrid lately."

Johnnie understood what was expected of him at once, and giving her one more lick, he jumped out of her arms and ran off as hard as he could go.

He had left Tod on the edge of the Common, which was as far as Tod was allowed to go by himself, and of course he went straight back to him to tell him that he must come at

once, for a dog always thinks his master is the wisest and best and most-able-to-help person in the world.

Tod was sitting on the top of a gate which led into one of his father's fields, and cutting the pith out of the inside of a young stick to make himself a whistle, when Johnnie came tearing up to him with his tongue hanging out and panting with the haste he had made.

"Hullo, little John," said Tod, "where have you been to, and I wonder where Betty is?"

Johnnie gave two barks, which meant quite plainly, "I know," and then he jumped up and caught hold of Tod's knickerbockers and gave him a pull to come off the gate, and then he ran a little way across the Common and looked back at Tod and barked again.

Of course Tod understood at once that he was telling him to follow, but he did not quite like to, for it was on to forbidden ground. But when Johnnie saw that Tod was hesitating, he rushed back and caught hold of

him and gave him another pull, and looked at him with his beautiful eyes saying, "*Do* come, it is so important," and then barked and ran on again, looking back to see if Tod was coming.

Now when Johnnie did this Tod knew that something must have gone very wrong that wanted putting right, and his mother had always told him that he must always help everybody and any one who was in difficulties if he could.

"Johnnie has found some one or something in trouble, and help is wanted," he said to himself. "So I think Mother would want me to go," and besides he was dreadfully anxious to find out what it was Johnnie had found. So off he started too across the Common.

Johnnie ran in front and led him along the little path through the gorse and bramble-bushes, where Betty had danced along in her little blue and white frock a short time before, thinking of her beautiful Prince on his milk-white steed. And presently they came in

sight of the dirty tent under the tree and the old white horse grazing beside it. But there were no signs of the dreadful man and woman to be seen, for they had gone off to the village and were just starting back again in a great hurry when Tod found the tent. So he had not much time to set Betty free.

He *was* astonished as you may imagine when Johnnie led him into the tent and he found poor little Betty tied up to the post, dressed in dirty rags, and no shoes and stockings on her feet. Indeed he did not know her at first, for the tent was rather dark, until she shrieked out: "Tod! Tod! Oh, Tod, save me, save me!"

"What has happened? And how did you ever get here?" cried Tod.

"A dreadful man and woman brought me here," sobbed Betty, "and took off all my nice clothes and tied me up here, and they say I'm their little girl and not my mamma's little girl at all. Oh, o-h-h!" and Betty began to cry so dreadfully that it quite hurt Tod to hear her. "Oh, Tod, I'm *not* their little girl,

am I? You will forgive me, won't you? I can't be their little girl. I can't."

"Of course you are not," said Tod stoutly, though he really could not think what Betty was talking about. "You let me speak to them," and Tod looked very fierce.

"Oh, don't let them find you here, or perhaps they will take you too," sobbed Betty, "and they are so big and cruel and fierce, just like ogres. Untie me *quick* and let us run away."

Tod turned rather pale when he heard this description of the people who had tied Betty up, and he began to work away with all his might and main at the knots in the rope, so as to untie Betty as quickly as possible, and Johnnie went and sat outside to let them know when the man and woman were coming back. But though Tod worked at the knots like a man, until his poor fingers were all bruised and bleeding, he could not get the knots undone, and all this time the man and woman were coming nearer and nearer.

"Oh, Tod dear, you'd better go away and

leave me," said poor Betty at last, for she was a good brave little girl at heart. "It's all my fault. If I had not been so rude and disagreeable and bad mannered this would never have happened. And you must not get caught by the dreadful man and woman and you'll never be able to untie the knots, so you must run away and leave me."

And Betty was not crying now. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks burning, and she stood up against the post like a man, and Tod thought what a splendid plucky little girl she was.

"I shan't go. Don't talk such nonsense," he said, and though he seemed to speak crossly Betty understood.

Then Tod thought of his knife and pulled it out of his pocket and opened it and began to cut away at the rope as hard as he could. But the knife was only an old one, and it had got so blunt cutting so many whistles and boats and things that it was no good at all at the great thick rope, though Tod cut away till the perspiration dropped off his forehead.

And all this time the dreadful man and woman were coming nearer and nearer.

Then suddenly Betty gave a scream.

"Oh, Tod, look, look, there is a hatchet!" she said, "over there in the corner."

A capital hatchet it was too, with a bright sharp edge; Tod seized it and whirled it up in the air, and brought it down with all his might on the rope. And the first blow cut the rope in half, and the second blow cut it right through, and then Tod unwound it, and Betty was free.

Tod took her by the hand and said, "Now run," and they flew out of the tent, and there were the dreadful man and woman, quite close, coming through the gorse bushes and the heather.

"Run," said Tod, again, holding Betty's hand very tight.

And they *did* run. Neither Tod nor Betty had ever run so fast before. And the man and woman started to run after them. But Johnnie flew round and round them, barking and trying to bite their legs whenever he got

a chance, which prevented them coming on so fast as they would otherwise have done.

Snip, snap, at the man's legs went Johnnie, and the man tried to hit him with his big stick, but Johnnie was too quick for *him*. And snip, snap, went Johnnie at the woman's legs, and she had no stick, so she tried to kick him with her great foot, but Johnnie was too quick for *her*. Snip, snap, bark, Johnnie found it rare sport. And at last the man and woman gave up trying to run after Tod and Betty.

"We'd better get away as quickly as we can, or they'll set the police after us," said the woman. "And anyway we've got the clothes, and they'll fetch something."

So they packed up their tent and popped it on the back of the old white horse and off they went as fast as they could go, and I have not heard of them again in those parts nor do I expect to. For Betty's manners are so very much better, and not at all like a tramp's little girl.

But although the man and woman packed

up and went away in the opposite direction, Tod and Betty ran and ran and never stopped once all the way home. And I am not at all astonished; in their places I should have done just the same.

And, oh, how astonished Tod's mother and Betty's nurse were when they saw Tod running up the garden path holding a little dirty ragged girl with bare feet by the hand. And when they saw that the little dirty girl was Betty they were more astonished still.

When Nurse had washed Betty and dressed her again, in nice clean clothes, Tod's mother took the poor little girl on her lap and held her very close and warm like she held Tod, for Betty's own mamma was not there to do it for her. And Betty snuggled up very tightly and cried a little as she told Tod's mother all about her adventure, and then she told her too, in a very, very small voice, how sorry she was that she had ever behaved like a little tramp girl.

"I never will again, truly, truly," she whispered.

And though I can't say that Betty's manners were *always quite, quite* perfect afterwards, yet they were very, very much better, and she tried very hard, and was always very sorry when she behaved *at all* like a little tramp girl, and no one can do more than try their hardest and be very sorry when they fail, can they?

As for Tod, when his mother went to tuck him up in bed the last thing before he went to sleep, he said : "I did have a *real* adventure to-day, didn't I, Mother? And I rescued Betty, but I do wish she had been a Princess."

But his mother said : "I think it is a lovely thing for a man to rescue any woman whether she is a Princess or a scullerymaid, but it is best of all to rescue some one we love, like Betty".

CHAPTER IV.

HOW TOD AND BETTY WENT ON A PILGRIMAGE.

IT had been raining the whole afternoon, so after tea Tod and Betty had come down to play in the library. This was a great treat, because when they played in the library they were allowed to look at any of the many books which lined the walls all the way round. And there were some books with the most delightful pictures in them. One of them was called *The Comic History of England*, and it had the funniest pictures, lots of them, which Tod and Betty generally looked at together. It is so much nicer to laugh with some one else than all alone. Then there was a big book called *The Christian Martyrs*, full of pictures of poor people being devoured by wild beasts, or tied to a stake in the middle of a great bonfire being burnt to cinders, or
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stretched out upon a horrible instrument called the rack. Tod was very fond of this book, but Betty could not bear it, because she always dreamed at night that she was being eaten by the wild beasts, or burnt at the stake, and Tod never could persuade her to pretend that she was a Christian martyr and let him tie her on to two chairs and pretend it was the rack. But the book they both loved, and loved the best of all, was called *Howard's Spirit of Shakespeare*, and it had lovely, lovely pictures all drawn in pen and ink, each set of pictures with an exciting story, and when Tod's mother was not too busy she would tell them the stories while they looked at the pictures, so that Tod and Betty knew the names and adventures of all the beautiful men and women in the pictures.

To-day, unfortunately, Tod's mother had visitors in the drawing-room; so, as she was not there to tell the stories, Tod and Betty decided not to look at "Book Beautiful" as they called it, and Betty was curled up in the window seat looking at a book full of flower

pictures, while Tod was stretched full length on the floor with his legs waving in the air and a book called *Hereward the Wake* in front of him. It was rather too difficult a book for Tod to read the story himself, but it had splendid pictures in it which told the story almost as well, and Tod made up the rest in his head.

There was one picture that pleased him very much, of the brave knight going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his Patron Saint, clad in a coarse serge dress, with bare feet, and dust sprinkled on his head, and bearing a rich gift in his hand to lay as an offering on the Saint's shrine.

"I wonder why people never go on pilgrimages now?" he said.

"How do you know they don't?" asked Betty, coming to look at the picture over his shoulder.

"Well, anyway no one we know does, or else we should hear of it," said Tod.

"P'raps there aren't any shrines now," said Betty.



"I WONDER WHY PEOPLE NEVER GO ON PILGRIMAGES NOW!"

"Yes, there are," said Tod. "A shrine's a Saint's grave where he is buried, and there's a Saint buried at the little church Father and I walk to sometimes in the afternoon. So that isn't the reason. People don't have Saints of their own nowadays, that's what it is, I expect. Those old kings and knights used them all up, and there aren't any left for us."

"*I've* got a Saint," cried Betty eagerly.

"Oh, go on," said Tod.

"But I have," Betty repeated. "Mad'moiselle, who comes to teach me French, told me so. She had a Saint of her own and she said I had one too, and she asked me what day my birthday was, and then she looked it all out in a book, so it must be right."

"What was his name?" asked Tod, sitting up on the floor. It was very interesting, but he could hardly believe it even now.

"Saint Anthony," said Betty. "And mad'moiselle said he was a very nice Saint to have because he would keep me from temptation, and if I lost anything and prayed to him to find it, he would. And when I lost dollie's

best shoe I prayed to him, and he found it and put it in my pocket, so there."

"He is rather a jolly Saint to have if he can do that," said Tod. "I wish he was my Saint. He'd be very useful, I'm always losing things. I say," with sudden excitement, "I believe that's the very Saint who is buried at the little church, and it's called Saint Anthony after him; wait a minute."

Tod dashed out of the library and opened the drawing-room door.

"I say, Mother!" he said. "What's the name of the little church across the moor?"

"Saint Anthony's Church," said his mother, and Tod ran back to Betty in great excitement.

"It is your Saint, Betty;" he exclaimed when he got back to her. "Just fancy our never knowing that before. Of course you ought to make a pilgrimage there. It's quite certain many people haven't got Saints, and if one has and doesn't make a pilgrimage to his shrine I expect the Saint would be jolly angry. And I tell you what, if we take him

something really good, something we prize very much, I daresay he would not mind being my Saint too. We must just take the things and lay them on his shrine, you know, and then you ask him for what you want and you get it, d'you see?"

"Must we go with bare feet, and dust on our heads?" asked Betty, with her eyes shining. It *was* exciting.

"Of course," said Tod. "And we mustn't eat or drink anything but bread and water all the way there."

"They'll never let us go," said Betty, her face dropping.

"We mustn't tell any one," said Tod. "That would spoil it all. When the kings and knights went on a pilgrimage they never let any one know who they were, but went just like common poor persons, and we must do the same. We *must* do it all quite properly or it won't be any good. And Mother would never mind us going on a pilgrimage. She likes me to want to go to church always, and this is even more important."

Now whether or not Tod was deceiving himself when he said that his mother would like him to go on a pilgrimage to the Saint's shrine, which was three miles across the moor, because she liked him to go to church, I must leave you to decide for yourselves. I'm afraid we are all rather inclined to deceive ourselves in this sort of way when we want very much to do something. And the only way that I know of finding out if we are deceiving ourselves is, as the Doctor at the enchanted Tower said, to get outside ourselves and look. But this is a very difficult thing to do.

"Now then," Tod went on, "we must decide which of our toys and things we like best, because the thing we like the very best of all we must give to Saint Anthony."

Betty looked as if she did not quite like this part of it, and Tod noticed this, so although his own heart rather sank within him, he went on in a great hurry.

"I am not quite sure whether I like my six-bladed knife or my collection of birds' eggs best, but I *think* it's my knife, so I

must give him that. Which of your things do you like best, Betty?"

Betty got very red in the face. "I like my new doll Ethel best. I will give her to Saint Anthony," she said, speaking very fast.

Tod looked at her sternly. "You're ever so much fonder of Rosalie than Ethel, you know you are," he said.

"No, I'm not," said poor Betty defiantly. "Rosalie's quite my old, old dolly," her voice faltered as she said this, "and Ethel's quite new and much larger."

Tod looked at her with an eye of disgust. "Oh, if you're going to tell stories like that, it's not much good making a pilgrimage to Saint Anthony's shrine at all," he said scornfully. "Saint Anthony will know you are telling a story just as well as I do, and that you're only giving him your second best thing. This is a real pilgrimage, not a pretend one, and if we don't do it properly it's no good doing it at all."

Betty looked at Rosalie sitting bolt upright in the corner of the window seat where she

had been showing her the flowers in the



"ROSALIE'S QUITE MY OLD, OLD DOLLY."

picture book, and her eyes filled with tears.

Rosalie was not a pretty little girl any longer, for her cheeks were quite white and her brown hair all out of curl and rather thin in places, and the tip of her nose was a little worn away so it was only a snub, but Betty loved her best of all her toys. Tod was quite right.

"I'm sure Saint Anthony won't care to have Rosalie, she's quite an old doll, with no paint on, and her hair nearly all off," pleaded Betty. "I'm sure he would much rather have Ethel. She's got such pink cheeks and lovely gold curls."

"A Saint doesn't care about prettiness," declared Tod. "He only cares about goodness, and you told me the other day that Rosalie was the goodest of all your dolls, you know you did. Besides it isn't anything to do with what Saint Anthony will like best. You've got to give what you like best. That's what they call a sacrifice. But of course if you are going to spoil the pilgrimage like this, it's no good our making it at all. It's just like a girl, they never can give up anything they like, or face any difficulties without

making a fuss. I wish I'd got a boy to play with."

Do you think Tod was right when he said that girls could never give up anything they liked or face difficulties without making a fuss? I don't, for if he was right there would not be any dear, sweet, always-ready-to-help-and-defend-us mothers in the world, and we know there are plenty of them, don't we? and they were all little girls once upon a time, and not so very long ago either.

But when Tod said he wished he had a boy to play with, that cut Betty to the heart, and made her more miserable than anything else, because she loved Tod even better than she loved Rosalie. She felt she must give Rosalie up, there was no help for it.

"I suppose," she said with a quiver in her poor little voice, "Saint Anthony will take care of her, even though she's not quite so pretty as she used to be."

"Of course he will. Why, don't you know people are much better off with the Saints and the Angels than if they stay with us,

however fond we are of them. He'll take much better care of Rosalie than ever you could." Tod was very sorry for Betty and anxious to comfort her now he had got his own way. "And of course he won't mind her not being pretty, so long as she is good. You know, Betty, Mother told us the other day it was grand to be brave and strong enough to give up what we liked to others. That's why I'm not making any fuss about giving up my six-bladed knife, though I don't like doing it at all."

"Your knife isn't half as live a toy as my Rosalie," protested Betty.

"Well, that's all the better for you," said Tod triumphantly. "You're giving something more than I am. If I had anything more live I'd give it. But I haven't, so I can't, you see."

Betty did not see, but she did not like to say anything more for fear Tod should say he'd rather have a boy to play with again, so she took Rosalie to bed with her that night and told her all about it, and how she would

be much happier and better off with Saint Anthony than with her little mamma. But in her heart of hearts Betty hoped that the next morning Tod would have forgotten all about the pilgrimage.

But the next morning Tod was more full of it than ever. Directly they got out in the garden after breakfast he said they must start, and he pulled out of his pocket two crusts of bread, one he had saved from his tea the night before and the other from his breakfast, and an empty medicine bottle.

"It's had senna in it," he said. "But it was the only empty one I could see anywhere about, so we must wash it well in the tank before we fill it with water. And one of these crusts is for you and one for me, but I'll carry yours for you because I've got father's cartridge bag here. It's the nearest to a wallet I could think of, and he won't want it till the 1st of September."

"You *are* clever at thinking of things, Tod," said Betty admiringly, but all the time she was hoping he would not think of Rosalie.

But the very next thing Tod said was : “ You’ve forgotten to bring Rosalie. You’d better go and fetch her while I wash the senna bottle.”

“ Don’t you think, Tod, dear, it’s too hot to go this morning ? ” faltered Betty.

Tod looked at her sternly. “ You don’t want to give up Rosalie, that’s what it is,” he said. “ Very well, you need not come ; I’ll go by myself, and I’ll ask Saint Anthony to be my Saint. Only it would have been much nicer if we had had the same Saint, and I don’t suppose he *will* be yours after this.”

“ No, no,” cried Betty, catching hold of his arm as he turned away. “ I will fetch Rosalie, I will, and I’ll come too.”

Then she ran away to the nursery, and dressed poor Rosalie for the last time in her red plush bonnet and her silk pelisse, and tried to think how happy she would be with Saint Anthony.

Tod had just finished washing out the senna bottle when Betty joined him at the tank, and they filled it with water and packed

it in the wallet with the crusts of bread and started forth on their pilgrimage. It would have been fun if only Betty had not had to give up Rosalie.

It was such a lovely morning too, with the sun shining so brightly and the sky all bright blue all over. The first part of their journey led through a big wood, where the sun-fairies were dancing under the trees, hundreds and thousands of them, and as Tod and Betty walked through, crunching the dry leaves under their feet, the little rabbits scuttled away in front of them with their little white tails in the air, and up above in the thick trees they could hear the wood pigeons cooing to each other.

When they got outside the wood they followed a little path through the tall ferns which grew everywhere on the grassy hillocks beyond the wood, and the little path led them out into the broad carriage road which went right across the moor to Saint Anthony's Church, and after they had walked some little way along the road they came to the heather

land, and that was lovely! Miles and miles of heather blossom there were in front of them, so that it looked just as if they were walking into a rose-coloured land, and the smell of it in the sunshine was just like honey, and far away against the blue sky they could see the square grey tower of the church, under which was Saint Anthony's shrine.

Betty stood and looked at how beautiful it all was, and hugged Rosalie very close. And somehow or other she understood all of a sudden what Tod's mother had meant when she said it was grand to be brave and strong enough to give up what we liked for others, and she felt quite glad that she had made up her mind to give Rosalie to Saint Anthony, because then Tod would have a Saint to take care of him too. Saint Anthony would never refuse to be Tod's Saint if she gave up her precious Rosalie, she thought.

When they were half-way along the road to the church, Tod said it was time for the midday meal, so they sat down by the way-side and ate a bit of the bread and drank

some of the water out of the bottle. The bread was very hard and dry and the water *did* taste of the senna in spite of Tod having washed it so carefully ; but, as Tod said, pilgrims ought not to care what they had to eat and drink.

After the midday meal was finished they started off again, and the sun got hotter and hotter and the road dustier and dustier, so that by the time they reached the church they were two very weary and travel-stained pilgrims indeed.

There was a tiny churchyard round the church fenced in with a wooden fence, and over the gateway was built a little roof, and under the roof on each side of the gate were two seats. Here they took off their hats and their shoes, and sprinkled a little dust on their heads, and then hand in hand they went up the pathway, Tod carrying his knife and Betty her Rosalie.

As they went into the church Betty held Tod's hand very tight.

" Oh, Tod, isn't it exciting ? " she whis-



THE WATER *DID* TASTE OF SENNA.

pered, but her heart was heavy because of Rosalie.

But Tod only answered “ Hus-s-h-h ! ” as he pushed open the door.

It was very cool inside and seemed very dark at first after the bright sunlight outside, except right at the end where a tall white figure was standing high up in the window with a soft bright glow of light all round it—the figure of a Man with a Shepherd’s crook in His hand and a wee white lamb on His shoulder, and a kind beautiful Face which smiled down on the two little figures walking up the aisle.

The Saint’s shrine was under the window on the right hand side, and on the top of it was a carved figure of the Saint himself, lying with folded hands and his face turned towards the beautiful Figure in the window. There was a step all round his shrine and Tod and Betty knelt down on it and folded their hands and Tod said :—

“ Oh, dear Saint Anthony, we have brought you the things we like best as an offering,



ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH,

and will you please be my Saint, if you can spare the time, as well as Betty's. And will you please take care of us both, for Christ's sake."

And Betty said : " And please take care of Rosalie. Amen."

Then Tod stood up and laid his six-bladed knife on the little ledge at the Saint's feet, and then Betty stood up and laid Rosalie beside the knife.

But as they walked down the aisle the tears overflowed from Betty's eyes, though she was trying very hard to keep them back, and when they got near the door she said to Tod in a poor little husky voice : " I'm so tired, Tod, I think I'd like to sit down a little in the corner of the pew seat".

" All right," said Tod, pretending not to see that she was crying, because he felt rather bad about it. " I'll go and explore round outside and come back for you."

So he went away and Betty curled herself up in the corner of the seat, and after a little while she thought to herself that she would

go and ask the beautiful white figure standing in the window, as well as Saint Anthony, to look after Rosalie.

"None of the Saints were so fond of little children as Gentle Jesus," she said to herself.

So she opened her eyes again, and then she saw that a wonderful thing had happened. Gentle Jesus had come down from the window and was standing close beside her. He had brought all the light with Him, and the little lamb was cuddling close into His neck as if it loved Him, and when Betty looked into His face she felt all through her heart she loved Him too.

She slipped off the seat and knelt before Him with her hands folded.

"Please, dear Gentle Jesus, take care of Rosalie for me," she said. "I have given her to Saint Anthony because she is the thing I like best of all my things, and we want Saint Anthony to be Tod's Saint as well as mine, and to take care of us."

Gentle Jesus laid His hand upon her head,

and when He spoke His voice was like a great beautiful calm.

"My little one," He said, "when you give, give for love, not because you want to get something in return for your gift."

Betty looked up into His grand beautiful face. "I am sorry," she said.

"Nay," said the peaceful voice. "For hundreds of years men and women even have made the same mistake. They have built Me costly temples and given that which was dear to them, rich robes and very much gold and precious stones. But all this they have given that they might escape the consequences of their sins and that they might gain for themselves a place in Heaven. But it would have pleased Me more if they had given one cup of cold water for Love."

Then Gentle Jesus turned to some one who stood beside Him, and Betty saw that it was Saint Anthony himself, who had come down from the top of his shrine, carrying a gold cross in his hand and with his Saint's ring of light round his head.

"Saint Anthony will be Tod's Saint as well as yours and take care of you both for Love," said Gentle Jesus, and Saint Anthony bent his head and smiled. "And you shall take Rosalie back with you, and when next you offer to any one what is dear to you offer it for Love, my little one, not for Gain."

Just then the church door opened and Betty looked round and saw that it was Tod who had come back. But when she turned her head back again Gentle Jesus and Saint Anthony had both gone back to their places, and she was kneeling all by herself in the middle of the aisle.

Betty felt quite dazed. She rubbed her eyes and looked, and rubbed her eyes and looked again. And then she followed Tod out into the sunlight, and sat down on the stone steps, and pushed the hair back from her forehead and rubbed her eyes again.

"What *is* the matter?" said Tod.

And then Betty told him all about it, how she had seen Gentle Jesus and talked with Him and what He had said to her, and Tod

listened and listened with wide open eyes, and when she had finished Tod thought and thought for quite a long time.

Then he said : "I was much worse than you, Betty, because I was going to get the most out of it, and you gave Rosalie to Saint Anthony so that he might be my Saint too".

But Betty had been thinking hard too.

"No, I didn't," she said truthfully. "I gave Rosalie to Saint Anthony because I thought you wouldn't like me to play with any more if I didn't, but would rather have a boy. I expect Gentle Jesus knew that."

"I expect He's jolly disgusted with us," said Tod gloomily.

"No, He isn't!" said Betty, who had seen and spoken with Him. "He understands that we didn't understand. But now we ought to understand, Tod."

"Yes," said Tod. "After all it's been a lovely pilgrimage for you, Betty. You've had what they used to call a Vision."

"I *wish* you'd been there too, Tod," said Betty, and she put her cheek against his

shoulder and rubbed it backwards and forwards very softly.

"I suppose," said Tod after a bit, "we'd better go and fetch my knife and Rosalie."

So the two little figures went back up the aisle again, and when they got to the Saint's shrine Betty whispered:—

"I think we'd better return thanks to Saint Anthony, don't you, Tod, because he *is* going to do what we asked him, for Love."

So they knelt down and Tod said, "Thank you very much, Saint Anthony," and Betty said, "Amen".

They were both very silent as they walked home, because they were both thinking very hard, and when Tod got home he went straight to his mother and told her where he and Betty had been.

"I pretended to myself and Betty to believe you would not mind our going alone," he said. "But I know now that right down in my inside I knew you would not like it."

And his mother said: "Try very hard, Tod darling, to be quite true and real always.

If you don't learn now it will be very, very difficult to learn when you are grown up, and it is a horrible thing to be untrue and unreal."

And then she took him up into her arms and he told her all about the pilgrimage.

But when he had finished his mother did not say a bit what he had expected.

"I thought you would be sure to tell me to give my knife to poor lame Bobby," he said to her.

"I thought perhaps you would think of it yourself," said his mother, smiling.

And the next morning when Tod asked if he and Betty might go into the village by themselves, she said "Yes" at once, and did not ask any questions, because she was an understanding mother. So directly after breakfast they started off, Tod with his knife in his pocket and Betty carrying Ethel in all the glory of her gold curls and new pink satin frock.

Wrapped round the knife was a piece of paper and on it was written in big letters "For Bobby". And on the front of Ethel's

frock was pinned another piece of paper and on that was written "For Annie". Annie was lame Bobby's little sister, and they were very, very poor and never had any toys to play with except what Tod's mother gave them at Christmas time.

Betty had been wondering if she ought not to give Rosalie to Annie because she loved her best, but Tod had said "No".

"I've been thinking it's sort of not the right thing to give what you like best yourself," he said. "'Cause that's kind of considering what's best for yourself. What we've got to think of is what other people'll like best. That's giving for Love. And I'm quite sure Annie'll like Ethel better than Rosalie, who's lost her hair and her colour and part of her nose. She'd be a shabby present."

So Betty tucked Rosalie up in her chair with a light heart and put on Ethel's beautiful white silk bonnet and off they started.

Bobby and Annie lived in a little red cottage with only two rooms and one door

in front, that was always open whenever Tod and Betty passed by, and a very white step in front of it. Nobody was about when they got there, which was just what they wanted, and they crept very softly up to the door and laid Ethel and the knife on the white step, and then Tod knocked very hard on the door, and they both ran away very quick and got round the corner before any one came.

"Won't they be surprised just?" said Tod, as they went home.

"They'll think it's the fairies," said Betty, dancing with delight.

"We'll go and see them to-morrow and hear what they say," said Tod. "Won't it be a lark?"

Two such dear smiling little faces they were that went home. And I think Gentle Jesus was smiling too.

CHAPTER V.

HOW TOD AND BETTY HAD A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE AT AUNT ROSAMUND'S WEDDING.

Tod and Betty were greatly excited. Aunt Rosamund was going to be married to Dick. They had been engaged for quite a long time, a whole year, but being engaged was a very uninteresting thing, Tod and Betty thought.

"I don't mind marrying you when we are grown up," Tod said to Betty, "if you grow up pretty and your hair doesn't get any redder, but I won't ever be engaged. If we got engaged we should have to sit about in corners all our time kissing each other. Dick can't possibly *like* it, a fellow who can fight and play cricket like he can, so it's evidently a thing you've *got* to do. And if I was away you'd have to sit in a corner by yourself with a silly sort of look on your face as if you were



"I DON'T MIND MARRYING YOU WHEN WE ARE GROWN UP."

half asleep and looking at something that wasn't there. And if you went away and gave me a little time to myself, and I was just making runs at cricket like anything, or rat-hunting down in the farmyard, the moment you came back I should have to get bowled, or leave the rat hunt with some silly excuse, and go off with you, and stick my arm round your waist before we were half out of sight."

But getting married, Tod allowed, was a very different matter. There was the service in church, which was very interesting to *watch*, and must be great fun if you were one of the chief actors ; and there was the wedding feast, and the cake, and if it were your own of course you could eat as much of it as you liked ; and after it was all over you had a wife to look after your house for you and mend your clothes and take care of your children, so there was some use in that.

And Tod and Betty were particularly interested in Aunt Rosamund and Dick's wedding because they were not only going to

see it, but they were going to take part in it. Betty was to be one of the bridesmaids, and wear a pale pink frock and a hat all covered with roses, and carry a big bouquet of roses in her hand, tied with pink ribbons. And Tod was going to be a page and walk behind the bride carrying her train, dressed in a court suit of white satin and a little powdered wig and a three-cornered hat. But Grandma said she would not have him dressed up like that in *her* house, so he had to wear his Eton suit after all. All the same it was perfectly, delightfully exciting. And after the wedding there was to be a tremendous tea-party, with ices and sweet biscuits and all sorts of cakes, to say nothing of the wedding cake.

"Not that we shall have half as much as we want," said Tod with sudden gloom, as he and Betty were talking it over for the hundredth time. "Because Grandma will be there, and she'll have her eye on us all the time."

"P'r'aps she'll be too busy just for once,

looking after all the other people," suggested Betty hopefully.

But Tod shook his head. "Grandma's never too busy to keep an eye on us," he said despondently, and speaking from long experience. "Grandma always sees everything, specially when she doesn't put her spectacles up and you think you're quite safe. I believe that's why Dick and Aunt Rosamund have always been coming over here since they've been engaged. Nobody would like to have to be silly with Grandma looking at them."

For Tod and Betty's grandmother was a very terrifying old lady indeed. She was quite a little old lady, but she held herself very, very straight, and she dressed in the most beautiful silks and velvets, with lots of lovely, lovely lace which smelt of rose-leaves, and when you came near her you put on your very best manners at once, and never spoke unless you were spoken to. Her hair was as white as snow and rose up high above her forehead, and her eyes were very bright and looked right through you, and she had a most

beautiful soft clear voice, and if you did anything she did not like it became softer and clearer than ever, but she said something that made you shrivel up inside yourself and want the floor to open and swallow you up.

Her own manners were most polite and beautiful, the manners of the old school, she called them. And she would tell Tod and Betty stories about the little girls and boys in her day, and how they called their fathers "Sir," and their mothers "Madam," and how they never sat down before them unless they first received permission to, and never spoke unless they were spoken to. And they went to bed as the clock struck seven without a word, and got up every morning at six, and had only bread and milk or bread and butter for breakfast, and no cake for tea except on Sundays. And the boys went to school when they were six years old, but the girls did not go to school at all, but stayed at home with their mothers and learnt how to keep house and how to sew and how to behave.

Yes, things were very, very different in

Grandmother's day, but whether the people were wisest in her day or in your day I cannot tell you yet. I must wait and see what sort of men and women you grow up to be.

Tod and Betty's grandmother lived in a very big house, and she kept two footmen in red coats and powdered heads and they were beautiful to behold, and she drove about in a big yellow carriage with two very fat grey horses, and a funny old coachman who had been in her service ever since he was a little boy. And there was the loveliest garden to her house with peacocks walking about and spreading out their beautiful tails for you to look at, and some of the trees were cut into wonderful shapes, and there was a pond full of gold and silver fish.

Tod and Betty would have enjoyed staying there very much if only Grandma had not been so dreadfully strict. They were not allowed to feed the fish unless she was there, and then she did it herself and only let them watch, which was not half so much fun as doing it yourself. And they were not allowed

to play games among the shrubs or walk on the grass borders or pick a single bit of fruit, not even the gooseberries. And indoors it was even worse. They were not allowed out of what Grandma called "their own apartments," which meant the schoolroom and the day and night nurseries, unless they were sent for, and when they *were* sent for they had to be most dreadfully careful not to make any noise, or to touch anything, or to speak unless they were spoken to. And there were such beautiful things all over the place that they would have loved to look at. Carved work-boxes of cedar-wood, smelling, oh, so good, and a box of most wonderful chessmen, and all sorts of things in ivory and mother-of-pearl, and a little gold bird that came out of a box and sang, and lots of books with the most delightful pictures, and a broad banister running such a long way, from the very top of the house down into the hall, that it made Tod feel quite bad to look at it, he wanted to slide down it so badly. All these lovely things there were, and yet when Tod and Betty were

sent for out of "their own apartments" they had to sit in the drawing-room quite still on two little stools, although they were simply longing to fly round and examine everything.

They could not even play with Mark Anthony, Grandma's beautiful Persian cat. *He* sat upon a pale blue silk cushion of his very own, in a comfortable arm-chair, and would have considered it quite as great a liberty if they had tried to play with him as if they had tried to play with Grandma herself.

So it was no wonder that Tod and Betty were very sorry that the wedding was to be at their grandmother's house, and felt they should not enjoy it properly. And sure enough directly they got there, the afternoon before the wedding-day, they were sent straight up to the school-room to tea, as soon as ever they had said how-do-you-do to Grandma, and they were never even sent for afterwards to sit in the drawing-room, which would have been better than nothing, because then they might have heard something about to-morrow. And Grandma gave orders that they were to

go to bed at seven, because they would have a tiring day on the morrow, although Tod was going on for ten years old now, and going to school the very next Easter. And there was a big dinner party downstairs, and they had quite thought they would go down to desert. And now they would not be able even to watch the people going in to dinner over the banisters. Tod and Betty were very angry, and when their two mothers came to say good-night to them, Betty said, "It *is* a *shame!*!" and Tod said, "Grandma is a horrid old thing!"

Now it is rather dreadful to feel like that about anybody, especially just as you are going to bed, so their two mothers talked to them for a long time, and told them how if you were staying in a house you had always to do what your host or hostess wished, and do it pleasantly with a good grace, or else you were very ungentlemanly and unladylike, and how boys and girls should be especially thoughtful to do what was pleasing to old people, and that they should never, never

speak disrespectfully of them, and so on and so on.

But it was all no good. Tod did manage not to *say* anything more to his mother about Grandma being horrid, because you see she was *her* mother, and Tod would not have liked any one to call his mother horrid, but he felt just as bad about it in his inside, and both he and Betty went to sleep feeling that they had been treated very unjustly.

And the next evening it was worse.

The wedding went off beautifully, and Betty's dress was lovely, and Dick gave Betty a gold chain with a dear little gold locket, the shape of a heart, hanging to it, and on the locket was a rosebud made out of pearls. It was *sweet*. And he gave Tod a rose made out of pearls too, for a scarf-pin. And that was sweet too. And there were a lot of soldiers from Dick's regiment all in uniform, beautiful to behold, and they lined the aisle all the way down. They did look splendid. And when they all got home there was a *splendid* tea, and Grandma wasn't

able to keep an eye on Tod and Betty after all, there was such a crowd of people, so they had as many cakes and ices as they could eat, and Betty had three helps of wedding-cake and Tod had four, and I may as well tell you at once, because I am sure you will be anxious, they weren't a bit ill the next day, because you know a wedding is a special occasion.

Then, after tea, Aunt Rosamund and Dick drove off together and Betty threw rice after them and Tod threw a lot of old shoes which the housemaid gave him, and then they went and had some more strawberries and cream while Grandma was saying good-bye to the wedding guests.

When these had all gone Grandma said to the people who were staying in the house: "Now, my dears, you had better all go and get what rest you can till dinner-time, or you will be too tired to dance this evening".

Tod and Betty slipped away into the room where all the presents were laid out, because they did not want Grandma to catch them

and send them off to rest too. And *they* were not in the least tired. The presents were beautiful, all sorts of lovely things, and Tod and Betty enjoyed themselves very much looking at them all. They had not had time before, because they had been too busy getting their tea. And although there were so many lovely things there, they did not see anything that they liked really better than their own present to Dick and Aunt Rosamund, two little silver owls, which you could use as pepper pots, such pretty clever little things.

And then all of a sudden while they were enjoying themselves very much, they heard Grandma's voice behind them.

"What are you doing here, children?" she said.

Tod and Betty jumped round as if they had been shot, and saw that Grandma was all ready dressed for dinner in a grand black velvet dress with lots of shining stones, and she was holding her watch in her hand.

"It is half-past seven," she said. "How

is it you have not gone to bed? Go up to the nursery at once."

"Oh, Grandma," cried Tod and Betty at the same time, "you aren't going to send us to bed to-night? Not to-night!"

"And why not, pray?" asked Grandma. "Dinner parties and dances are not for little girls and boys. Say good-night at once, Theodore. I thought I could have trusted you to go to bed at your proper time."

"It isn't my proper time," said Tod, who was quite desperate now. "I always go to bed at eight at home."

"I am not accustomed to be argued with by little boys," said Grandma, in the voice which made you shrivel up inside yourself. "Go to bed at once."

Just then Tod's mother came in, and she begged Grandma to let Tod and Betty stay up just a little longer, but Grandma would not hear of it.

"You may spoil your children as much as you like in your own house, my dear," she said. "But when they are in my house they

must do as they are told. Please see they go to bed at once."



"GO TO BED AT ONCE."

And then the gong sounded for dinner and she swept out of the room, and Tod's mother

had only time to kiss him and beg him to be a good boy and go to bed at once before she went away too.

"Let's just wait at the top of the stairs and see them all go in to dinner," said Betty when they got to the top, but Tod wouldn't. He said if he could not stay up to the dance he did not care to see anything else. For Tod was very, very angry indeed, and all the time he was undressing he thought and he thought, and Betty could not get him to talk about anything, and after they were both tucked up in bed, and their mothers had come up after dinner to kiss them and say good-night, and had gone down again to dance, Tod crept into Betty's room.

"I've thought," he said. "I know what we will do, Betty. We won't be done out of all the fun by Grandma. "We'll have a feast of our own."

Betty sat up in bed her eyes shining so you could almost see them in the dark. "Oh, Tod, go on, tell me about it," she said.

"Well," said Tod, "you know after a party

we are always woken up when all the carriages drive away?"

Betty nodded like a little Chinese Mandarin seated up in bed.

"We won't go to sleep again, but keep ourselves awake until everybody's had time to go to bed, servants and all," proceeded Tod. "Then *we'll* get up and slip downstairs. "It'll be just getting light by then, I spect, and we'll go down to the supper-room and have a supper party of our own. Nothing will have been cleared away because they'll all have been too tired to do any thing but get to bed, and there'll be lots of good things left, and we'll just enjoy ourselves."

Betty looked just a little doubtful.

"Spose we get caught," she said.

"We shan't be," said Tod. "And I don't care if we are. It's a shame we are not down at the dance. I wouldn't have minded if it had been just an ordinary dance. But it's a wedding dance, and we were the most important people there next to Aunt Rosa-

mund and Dick, and we ought to have been allowed to go down."

"I wish I could wear my bridesmaid's frock," said Betty, casting a loving glance at it where it hung over a chair in the dim light.

"You can if you like," said Tod, "if you don't make too much noise dressing. And we'll pretend it's our wedding feast and we are a Prince and Princess."

Betty thought this was a lovely idea, so they arranged that whoever woke up first should wake the other, and then they would dress while they waited for everybody to go to bed.

The carriages began to roll away at one o'clock, because it was Grandma's rule never to keep a party up very late. That was one of the things she did not approve of. Tod woke up first and went in to Betty, and then they both dressed very carefully, and stole out into the passage.

It was then about three o'clock and getting quite light, which Betty was very glad of as

she was rather afraid of the dark, and they trod very, very softly, hand in hand, down the big staircase and across the hall into the ante-room, as Grandma called it, which was a little room opening into the big dining-room. The dining-room door was half open and they pushed it a little wider, and then they saw all of a sudden that every one had not gone to bed. There were two men sitting at the end of the table, eating and drinking, and Betty was so startled that she said "Oh-h!" and then both the men looked up very quickly and saw the two little figures standing in the doorway.

At first they looked dreadfully startled and they both jumped up, but Tod and Betty were too startled themselves to think much of that, and then one of them began to laugh but without making any noise, and Tod saw that he had a kind, merry face, and looked like a gentleman, and he said to the other man who looked very fierce and horrid: "It's all right. Keep quiet."

And then he said to Tod and Betty: "Well, little people, what do you want?"

His voice was very soft and he looked nice, so Tod said :—

“We’ve come down to have some supper. Who are you?”

The man laughed, in that funny silent way of his again.

“I am a wedding guest, who came too late, after all the others had gone,” he said. “But I thought the old lady would not mind my having a little supper.”

Tod thought this was very funny, and he did not think it was very polite to call Grandma “the old lady,” but the man came forward and picked Betty up in his arms and carried her to the table, while the other man stood scowling and looking very cross and uncomfortable.

“You are a very pretty little girl,” said the nice man to Betty. “I have not seen such a pretty little girl for a very long time. Now then, little one, choose what you would like to eat, and you too,” he nodded to Tod, “and be off with you back to bed or you’ll get caught and punished.”

Tod did not understand who he could be at all, and anyway he did not see what business a strange man had to send him off like this when he had meant to stay up and have as much supper as he liked, but he did not like to say much with the other man scowling and looking so disagreeable, so he went to the table and began to take some of the preserved fruits out of a dish, and thought to himself that he and Betty must have a feast upstairs, of whatever they could carry away.

And then all of a sudden he caught sight of a sack propped up against the open window, and sticking out just at the top was one of the little silver owls that he and Betty had given to Aunt Rosamund and Dick for a wedding present.

Then Tod knew in a minute what had happened. It came like a flash, and he very nearly screamed, but fortunately he remembered that he was a boy who meant to be a man one day, and just stopped in time.

Of course these two men were burglars and they had been stealing all Aunt Rosamund

and Dick's beautiful wedding presents! It was awful. And Tod felt he must stop them somehow, but how? If it had been only the nice burglar he would not have minded, but when he looked at the nasty one something cold ran all down his back.

The nice one was tying up all the sweets he could find in a table napkin for Betty, and Betty was whispering all about how Grandma would not let them come down to the dance, and the nasty one was looking fiercer and fiercer every minute. And then all of a sudden Tod had an idea.

The day before at lunch time, Tod had discovered that Grandma had got a beautiful new invention. She did not like having the footmen in the room all the time while lunch was going on, and she did not like having to get up and ring the bell for them when she was alone, so she had had a little knob put in the ground just under her foot where she sat, and when she pressed the knob with her foot a bell rang outside, one of the bells that go wiz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z as long as ever you hold

the knob down. It was a most interesting bell, and Tod had been greatly excited about it, only Grandma had only let him ring it once, though he had wanted to play with it very much.

If he could only find that knob on the floor now he could just ring it and wake everybody up, and even the fierce-looking burglar would never guess that he had anything to do with it. He slid round to the head of the table where Grandma always sat, pretending to be busy getting fruits and sweetmeats.

"Hullo, youngster," said the nice burglar, "you'll be pretty ill if you eat all those," and the next moment Tod's foot felt the little knob on the floor.

Down went his foot as hard as he could press and wiz-z-z-z-z-z went the bell outside, and off went the nasty burglar to the window like a flash of lightning.

He grabbed the big sack as he went, and Tod's heart sank within him, for he thought he hadn't saved the presents after all, but the nice burglar called out : "Drop it, Joe, it

isn't worth being nabbed for. Come on!" and they both dropped out of the window as quickly and quietly as a couple of cats, and the nice burglar waved his hand to Betty as he disappeared. "Good-bye, little dear," he said.

Betty began to cry. "Oh, what is it, Tod? What is it? Grandma *will* be angry," and then more bells rang all over the house, and then everybody came rushing in one after the other.

First came the butler in his nightshirt and trousers and his apron tied round his neck, and Tod began to laugh so that he could not tell him a word of what had happened. And then came the housemaid wrapped up in a big blanket with her hair all down her back, shrieking "Fire!" at the top of her voice, and Tod laughed more than ever. And then came the housekeeper, wrapped in a wonderful red and green dressing-gown, with her front hair all done up in curling paper, so Tod knew now how she got the wonderful curls that she wore in little bunches on each

side of her face, and he sat down on the floor to laugh, for he really could not stand up any more. And then came Tod's father in his shirt sleeves, with no collar on, and he said : “Tod, what are you doing here, and what is the meaning of all this noise ? ”

But Tod was laughing so much that he could not speak, and Betty was crying with fright so she could not speak either, besides she did not know what had really happened.

“ I heard the dining-room bell a-ringin’ in my sleep, sir,” said the butler, “ so I dressed hurried like, and came to see what was a-going on, an’ I found Master Theodore and Miss Elizabeth both here, but he won’t do nothin’ *but* laugh nor won’t explain nothin’.”

For the butler was very angry at being woke up and then being laughed at.

And then all the other people came rushing in, each in a more wonderful costume than the last, and everybody began talking at once and asking questions, but nobody could answer them except Tod, and he was laughing too

much, and nobody noticed the big sack full of wedding presents near the window.

And then last of all came Grandma, and everybody stopped talking at once, and Tod even stopped laughing, and Betty stopped crying, to look at her. For she had on the most wonderful night-cap that any one had ever seen, with a very large white frill all round it, and she had a very large pistol in her hand which had once belonged to Grandpa, and she pointed it straight at the butler, looking very stern, and she said in her most awful voice :—

“ Simpson, what has occurred and what does this unseemly noise mean at this hour ?”

But Simpson was so frightened at having a pistol pointed straight at his head that he was almost speechless, and could only say, “ I beg pardon, mam ”.

So Tod having stopped laughing at last, stood up and said : “ I will tell you all about it, Grandma. I was here first.”

Grandma looked at him then for the first time, and she *did* seem puzzled to see him

there in his Eton suit, and Betty too in her bridesmaid's frock, crying on her mother's shoulder, and Grandma didn't often look puzzled.

"What are you doing here at this time in the morning in that costume, Theodore?" she said, and sat down in an armchair, night-cap, pistol and all, and looked at him sternly.

Tod nearly began to laugh again it was all so funny, but his father put his hand on his shoulder and said in a voice that Tod knew meant business: "Now then, Tod, explain".

So Tod explained.

"Betty and I thought you were very unkind and unjust, Grandma, not to let us come down to the dance," he began. "We wouldn't have minded if it had been an ordinary dance, but it was the wedding dance, and we were two of the performers at the wedding, and so we *ought* to have been allowed to be at the dance too."

"Upon my word!" said Grandma.

"So we made up our minds we'd have a wedding party of our own when everybody

had gone to bed. We put on our wedding garments, and Betty was to be the Princess and I was to be the Prince, and we came down to have some supper. And when we got in here there were two men having supper before us, and Betty and I didn't know who they were, because we'd never seen them before, and so I asked them, 'Who are you?' and one of them, the nice one, said he was a guest who had come too late for the wedding, and he knew 'the old lady' (I spect he meant you, Grandma) wouldn't mind his having some supper. I thought you wouldn't like it at all, Grandma, but I didn't like to say so because the other man looked so fierce and not like a wedding guest at all. And that made me think the nice one was telling stories, and while he was making a fuss with Betty and giving her the sweets I looked round, and there were all Aunt Rosamund and Dick's wedding presents in a sack, so I knew they were burglars——"

And here Tod had to stop, because every one called out at once and rushed to the

window and looked at the sack. All but Grandma, who sat in her chair and said : "Bring the sack here," in an awful voice.

When she had looked at it she said : "I believe you have spoken the truth so far, Theodore. Go on."

"I couldn't bear to let them steal all Aunt Rosamund and Dick's presents," Tod went on. "And then all of a sudden I remembered your new bell, Grandma. So I went round the table 'tending I was getting sweets until I found the knob and then I put my foot on it hard and the nasty man rushed to the sack, and I thought he was going to get the presents after all, but the nice man said, 'It isn't worth being nabbed for, Joe. Come on,' and they both slipped out of the window, and the nice man said 'Good-bye, little dear,' to Betty, and that's all. And then every one came running and they looked so funny——"

And here Tod began to laugh again, but his father picked him up and held him rather tight, and said "Quiet, old man," in the voice

that he knew he must obey, and then Grandma spoke.

"You behaved like a brave and sensible boy in ringing the bell, Theodore," she said. "You have undoubtedly saved your aunt's presents from being stolen, and I am sure she and her husband will be very much obliged to you. And I am very glad to find that, whatever his other faults, my grandson can behave like a man, with courage and promptitude when it is necessary. But this does not alter the fact that it was extremely naughty and disobedient of you to come downstairs after you had been put to bed, and you must have known quite well you were doing what I and your parents would disapprove of. You and Elizabeth can go back to bed at once, and I shall not allow you to get up until twelve o'clock to-day."

Poor Tod's face dropped till it was twice as long again.

It had been so splendid to be praised by Grandma like that. He had felt like a soldier having a medal pinned on by the

Queen. And then, after all, to be sent to bed until twelve o'clock as a punishment for what he had done wrong in spite of what he had done right—oh, it did seem very hard. And yet somehow all the time he could not help respecting Grandma for it.

Then Tod's mother came and put her arm round Grandma's neck and begged her to let Tod off his punishment just for this once. But Grandma waved her aside with the pistol.

"No, my daughter," she said. "You have got a son that has the makings of a man in him, and though *you* may be foolish enough to try and spoil him, I won't help you to do it in this house. If he does what he knows to be wrong here, he'll be punished and there is an end of it. If he is brave enough to face a burglar, he should be brave enough not to make a fuss and take offence when he does not get exactly his own way about everything, and brave enough to take a punishment when he has done wrong without whining. And if he hasn't learnt that sort of

courage yet, the sooner he does learn it the better. You can go, Theodore."

So Tod went, and I rather think Grandma was quite right, and what is more Tod thought so too. What do you think?

CHAPTER VI.

OUR FATHER'S PICTURE-BOOK.

TOD was feeling very sad and miserable. His mother was very ill, and all he saw of her was just a minute or two once a day, when he crept in on tiptoe and was lifted up by his father to kiss her. And she was so weak that she could only just kiss him back again, and she was very white and very thin, and Tod felt dreadfully unhappy about her.

All the morning he did lessons with Miss Gripper as good as gold, and in the afternoons he wandered about by himself. He had no heart to play any games or run races with Johnnie, or work in his garden, though it was just the time for putting in the seeds. He could only wander about like a forlorn little ghost from place to place thinking of Mother.

One day he went wandering through the



HE DID LESSONS WITH MISS GRIPPER AS GOOD AS GOLD.

wood which led to the moorland where Saint Anthony's Church stood. It was one of those days when the sun and the clouds are playing at hide and seek, and the wind and the leaves are running races. The rooks were hard at work building their nests in the tall elm trees, and making a tremendous noise about it ; one would really have thought that no birds had ever made nests before to hear them fussing over it. In the field beside the wood a man was ploughing and Tod could smell the delicious newly turned earth as he went. The mossy places of the wood were all starred with kingcups, and in the low bushes Tod could see little sparks of green.

But when he came to the gate which led out on to the moor he saw something more interesting still. There was a man sitting on a campstool, with an easel in front of him, painting a picture. Of course Tod knew there were men called artists who painted pictures, and of course he had often seen their pictures hanging on the walls, but he had never seen an artist at work. And Tod

always liked seeing things being made much better than seeing them finished.

He ran quickly over the short soft grass and stood behind the man, and watched him making his picture. And it *was* wonderful. There was all the lovely stretch of moorland with the tower of Saint Anthony's Church far away in the distance, growing and growing on the paper in front of the artist. Tod watched and watched and heaved a big sigh.

"I wish I could do that," he said, quite forgetting the man did not know he was there.

The man gave a jump as he looked round. "Hullo, young man, where did you spring from?"

Tod lifted his hat. He was trying *so* hard just now to remember all his mother told him to do, and to do what she would like.

"I came over the grass," he said. "I hope you don't mind my looking at you?"

"Not a bit," said the man cheerily. "Do anything this way yourself?"

"Well, I do freehand drawing, you know,

with Miss Gripper," said Tod. "And I painted some pictures of horses out of a paper, which were rather nice. But I never tried painting anything from out of doors."

The man looked at Tod with a pair of very kind eyes, and I rather think he must have seen that Tod's face, which was generally so rosy and jolly, was looking very sad and anxious, because the next thing he said was:—

"How would you like to try, eh? I'll supply the paint and paper, and show you how to start."

Tod thought this was awfully good of him, and any other time he would have jumped at the offer; but to-day he shook his head.

"It's very kind of you, sir," he said, "but I don't think I will. I'll stand and look at you."

"What's gone wrong?" said the man, and somehow his voice, though it was very deep, reminded Tod of his mother's; and then he picked Tod up and sat him on his knee, and, though Tod didn't much care for sitting on people's knees as a rule, yet to-day it was

different, and rather comforting ; so he put his head back against the man's shoulder, and told him all about how Mother was ill, and how unhappy he was about it.

It made Tod feel better to have some one to tell all about it, and the man was ever so nice and seemed to understand exactly what Tod felt like, and when Tod had finished he said : " Poor old chap ! I know how long the time seems when any one you are fond of is ill ; and you can't settle to anything. Now then, what can I do to help ? "

" Don't you want to go on painting ? " asked Tod.

" Not a bit," said the man, and you could tell he really meant it.

" Well then," said Tod, " do you think you could tell me a story ? I think I should like that."

" I only know one story," said the man, smiling.

" What's it about ? " asked Tod.

" Well," said the man, " it's about a boy and how he became a man."



TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT HOW MOTHER WAS ILL.

"Oh," said Tod, "that's just what I like!
Will you begin?"

"Once upon a time," began the man, "there was a little boy whom people called Daddy, and he lived in the heart of the greatest city in the world. It was not a pleasant place to live in, because men built the houses there very thick and close and high, and made the streets very narrow, so that the ground might go as far as possible, because it was worth a great deal of money. And since it was so precious they would not waste any of it on trees or grass or flowers. And as for light and air, they might come as best they could ; that was not their business, at least so they said, their business was to make as much money out of the houses as they could.

"But Daddy did not miss the trees and flowers, for he did not even know there were such things, and he thought that the most beautiful thing in the world was a picture-book. And the desire of his heart was to have a picture-book of his very own.

"There was a little boy living farther down

the street who had one, but then his father was quite rich compared with Daddy's father. Sometimes this boy would let Daddy look at his picture-book for a minute. Ah, those *were* minutes worth living for, Daddy thought.

"One day when he had seen it, and his mind was very full of the beautiful things in it, he said to his father : 'Father, I should so like to have a picture-book'.

"'A picture-book?' said his father. 'I have no money to spend on such things, Daddy boy.'

"'But wouldn't you like one yourself, Father?' asked Daddy.

"But his father said No, he had no time for picture-books, and besides he had grown out of such things.

"And so he went off to bed, as he always did when he came home, as soon as he had swallowed his supper. And the next morning at five he was up and off again to work. No, certainly, he had no time for picture-books.

"So Daddy said no more to him, but he

told Little Sister of what a beautiful picture-book he would buy if they were only rich.

“‘Tom Creedon found a whole shilling one day in the dust-heap,’ he said. ‘Perhaps I might find one somewhere too, Little Sister.’

“Daddy had no mother, only Father and Little Sister, and as Daddy was not old enough to work he took care of Little Sister all day long, and that was how people came to call him Daddy, until his real name, which was very large and weighty for such a small person, was almost forgotten.

“Now, one day a marvellous and wonderful thing happened. Little Sister had an invitation to a tea-party. Not a make-believe tea-party, like she and Daddy played with cold water and a crust of bread and bits of orange peel and old carrots picked out of the gutter, but a real tea-party with real oranges and cakes, and after tea, real picture-books and toys and games. Daddy had not been invited. At least they only had one ticket sent them, and of course that was for Little Sister. So he washed her face until it shone again, and

combed her hair like he did on Sundays, and took her to the door of the party house and left her there.

“ Then he sat down to think how he should spend the time until he had to fetch her again. It was not often that Daddy went anywhere without Little Sister holding on to his hand, and there were many wonderful places Daddy would have liked to see, but they were all too far afield for Little Sister’s baby feet to travel.

“ He was not very long making up his mind. He would go to a shop he knew of about two miles away, where there were pictures in the window for every one to look at, and nothing to pay. He had been told to come back for Little Sister at six o’clock and now it was only four. That would give him plenty of time to go there and back, and to look at the pictures for half an hour, Daddy thought.

“ When he got to the picture shop there were only four pictures in the window, but that was quite enough for Daddy, for one of them was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

He could have looked at it for hours and hours and never got tired. Underneath it was written the name in gold letters, ‘Alma Mater’. We know that that means ‘The Mother of All,’ but though Daddy spelt it over very carefully *he* could not understand what it meant. But it did not matter much, because he understood well enough what the grand beautiful face looking out of the picture meant. He looked at it till the tears stood in his eyes, and oh, how he envied the children that thronged round her knees, and above all, how he would have loved to have been one of the children she held in her arms. But after all she was not looking at them but straight at Daddy himself, and how beautiful her eyes were and how sweet.

“Just then some one spoke to him. It was a man who had been looking at the pictures too, and he said: ‘You like pictures, little man?’

“‘Oh, yes,’ said Daddy with all his heart.

“‘Do you come and look at them often?’ asked the man.

"‘Whenever I can, sir,’ said Daddy, and then he added, for the man’s face was very kind. ‘I have got no picture-books of my own, you see.’

“‘There is your Father’s big picture-book,’ said the man, and smiled.

“‘Please, sir,’ said Daddy, ‘Father hasn’t got one. He has no time or money for picture-books.’

“‘I don’t mean that father,’ said the man. ‘I mean your Father which is in Heaven.’

“‘Oh !’ said Daddy, for he knew Who that was. ‘Has God got a picture-book ?’

“The man nodded. ‘Yes, God has a picture-book, and there are thousands of pictures in it, and no two are the same, and all the pictures are alive, and best of all, it is always open for every one to look at.’

“‘Oh !’ Daddy gasped. ‘Please, sir, have you ever seen it ?’

“‘Oh yes,’ said the man. ‘I am looking at it all day long. It is my business to copy pictures out of God’s big book. But I cannot make them alive, only as like life as I can.’

“Daddy was speechless, but he looked at the man, and although he did not know it his two eyes were asking the man to show him one of these pictures as plainly as though he had spoken. And the man hesitated for a moment, and then seemed to make up his mind all at once.

“‘Come with me and I will show you a picture in God’s big book, little man,’ he said.

“Daddy followed him eagerly, trembling all over with excitement. Where, oh, where, and to what wonderful place was he going?

“But the man only went as far as the next bridge, then he stopped and lifted Daddy into one of the embrasures facing west.

“‘Look,’ he said.

“‘Oh!’ said Daddy, with a little gasp below his breath. He was looking down the great river and across the mighty city at the sun going down in all his glory. And it *was* glory, glory so splendid and so wondrous that Daddy could not speak, and he felt just as he had when he looked into the beautiful face of the Mother of All.

“‘I could never copy that picture as it really is out of God’s great book. It is too wonderful for me,’ said the artist. ‘And every day it will be different and every day beautiful.’

“‘Is it alive?’ asked Daddy. He did not know that the tears were running down his face till afterwards.

“‘In God’s other Great Book,’ said the artist, looking at the glory in the western sky and speaking half to himself—‘in God’s other Book it says: “The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.”

“‘Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

“‘There is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

“‘Fire and hail, snowy vapour, storm and wind fulfilling His word.”

“‘Yes, I think it is alive, little man. You do not understand that quite yet, do you? But I hope you will one day. And I hope before long you will go and see God’s big

green book, where the pictures are loveliest of all.'

"And then the artist went on his way, and Daddy went home with so many thoughts and so much wonder in his brain, that his poor little head could hardly hold it all. But his chief thought was how should he find another picture out of God's big book, which was open always for every one to look at.

"It was a long time before he was able to go to the bridge again, but very soon after his visit there he found a new picture out of God's book, one day when he was helping a neighbour by looking after the baby while she did the washing. For in the window of the neighbour's room there stood a pot, and in the pot was a plant with beautiful fresh green leaves on it and one wonderful creamy pink flower which smelt, oh, *how* good it smelt!

"'Is it alive?' he asked the neighbour.

"'Alive? Why bless you, yes,' said the neighbour. 'Alive and growing.'

"Then Daddy knew it was one of God's

pictures. Out of the big green book, he thought, when he saw how green the leaves were. And they felt so soft and cool. Daddy knew, because he kissed them. But the flower he dared not touch for fear of soiling it. And when the neighbour found out how much he loved the little rose tree, she moved it so that he could see it when he was in the road, nodding to him from the window. Every day he and Little Sister sat on the doorstep opposite to look at it, until the petals of the flower fell one by one. But the neighbour comforted Daddy. ‘Perhaps it will bloom again next year,’ she said. And soon after this Daddy saw another picture, and it was the most beautiful of all, more beautiful than the sunset or the rose, and more alive.

“It was one evening when he had put Little Sister to bed and was sitting on the doorstep watching for his father to come home, and suddenly he heard a rustle, like the sound of leaves when the wind passes through them, which was a sound Daddy had never heard

before, and the close air around him was full of the scent of roses, and when he looked up he saw a woman's face looking down at him. And it was very, very fair, and it smiled at him out of a pair of eyes which were like the depth of still blue water.

“‘Would you like some roses, little boy?’ said the voice that belonged to the face, and it was very soft and sweet as music. But Daddy was quite speechless with adoration. He only looked and looked until her face passed away, and he found himself all alone with a great bunch of roses on his knees. And he laid his face down on the soft, sweet flowers and cried like a baby.

“‘That is the most beautiful of all God’s pictures,’ he said.

“The next day he tried to tell Little Sister what the wonderful face was like, but he did not know what words to use with which to describe its beauty. He only felt it all through him.

“‘It was clean, Little Sister,’ he said. ‘So clean. Not like we are clean on Sundays, Little

Sister, but clean like—like——’ And Daddy looked all round him, but there was nothing there to help him, and at last he looked up right up to where the sunbeams played far aloft, and then his face lit up. He had found what he wanted. ‘I know,’ he said, ‘I know. It was clean like the sunlight is clean, Little Sister.’

“It was not long after this that Daddy’s father told him one day that he had heard of some good work down in the country, and that the next evening they would start for a new home.

“‘What is the country, Father?’ asked Daddy. And his father told him that it was in Kent, but Daddy was not much wiser, even after that. But he had learnt long ago not to ask too many questions, and that is a very useful thing for a little boy or a little girl to learn.

“All the next day he and Little Sister were greatly excited thinking about their new home and wondering what it would be like, so that they could hardly wait until it was

time to start for the train. Daddy and Little Sister had never been in a train before, so it was all very strange and wonderful, but Little Sister soon went to sleep, for it was getting late, and Daddy sat and wondered whether they were passing any of God's pictures, and wishing it was not too dark for him to see out of the window.

"Before long he began to feel very sleepy too, and he did not remember much else until he found himself in his new home. They were going to lodge with a man and his wife who had no children of their own, and the woman took Daddy and Little Sister upstairs and put them to bed as soon as they arrived, for by this time it was very late. Daddy had never had any one to put him to bed and to tuck him up before, and he thought it was very nice.

"The next morning he woke up in a little bedroom so bright and so light that he did not think it *could* be real. And when he saw thousands of green leaves peeping in at the window and heard lots of birds singing, he

felt quite sure it could *not* be real, only just a dream.

“ But presently all the green leaves began to dance, and the light grew so bright and the birds sang so loud that Daddy thought he must be awake after all, so he slipped out of bed and went to the window, and then he just gave a little scream and was quite silent. But after a while he folded his hands and said to himself very softly :—

“ ‘God’s big green book’.

“ And, oh, how happy Daddy and Little Sister were all that day and many other days looking at the wonderful pictures, except when Daddy thought of all the poor people they had left behind, who never saw anything out of God’s beautiful book all the year round, and then Daddy’s heart ached.

“ And he thought to himself, ‘If only I could learn to copy the pictures, like the man who showed me the picture from the bridge does, then I could give the copies to the poor people who never see the real pictures. And even copies would be better than nothing at all.’

“ He kept on thinking about this day after day, and at last he began to try and copy God’s pictures as best he could. It was not very easy at first, but the more he tried to do it the more he loved doing it, and when you love anything very much it becomes not a labour but a joy. So the days went on, and Daddy worked and worked, through poverty and hunger, through scorn and rebuff, through darkness and difficulties, until the boy Daddy grew to be a man.

“ And at last one day other men looked at his pictures and found out that they were good, and they called him a great genius and a famous artist, and offered him large sums of money for his copies out of God’s big book.”

“ Did he sell them or did he remember to give them to the poor people who never saw the book ? ” asked Tod, for the artist seemed to have come to the end of his story.

“ He sold some of them,” said the artist. “ But only a few : most of them, and the very best of them, he gave to the poor people who

never see the beautiful things and places of the world."

"I am glad," said Tod.

"Are you, little man?" said the artist.
"Most people tell the man Daddy that he is a fool and a madman."

"He *isn't!*" said Tod warmly. Then he looked at the beautiful moorland picture which the artist had painted with the tower of Saint Anthony's Church against the sunny sky. "Is that going to the poor people?" he asked.

The artist smiled. "Yes," he said. "That is going."

"I *thought* you were Daddy!" said Tod.
"What became of Little Sister?"

"Little Sister is a woman now, and has a little boy and girl of her own," said the artist.

Then he began to pack up his painting things, for it was time for him to be going, but he promised Tod he would come back at the same time to-morrow.

"And perhaps you'll think of another story

by then," said Tod ; "for it does help one through the time."

But the next afternoon when Tod met the artist his face was all round and smiling and jolly again, and the days were not too long and the time did not want passing any longer, for his mother was much better, and had even been able to talk to Tod a little when he had seen her that morning. And Tod had brought his own paintbox and paintbrush with him.

"Because, you see," he said, "*I should* like to try and paint that picture to-day, if you don't mind showing me how."

So the artist showed him how to paint the moorland, and they put in one or two of the sheep which were grazing in the distance, which made it even more interesting. And when it was finished it really was exactly like the real picture, and Tod was very pleased with it.

He looked at it and looked at it, and the artist said, "Now you will be able to give it

to your mother to look at, since she cannot come out herself at present".



"GOOD-BYE."

But Tod shook his head. "I want to, most awfully," he said. "But you see I can't help feeling that mother would much rather

I sent it to the poor people in the great city who never see any of God's pictures. That is if you think it good enough. And it *is* very like, isn't it?"

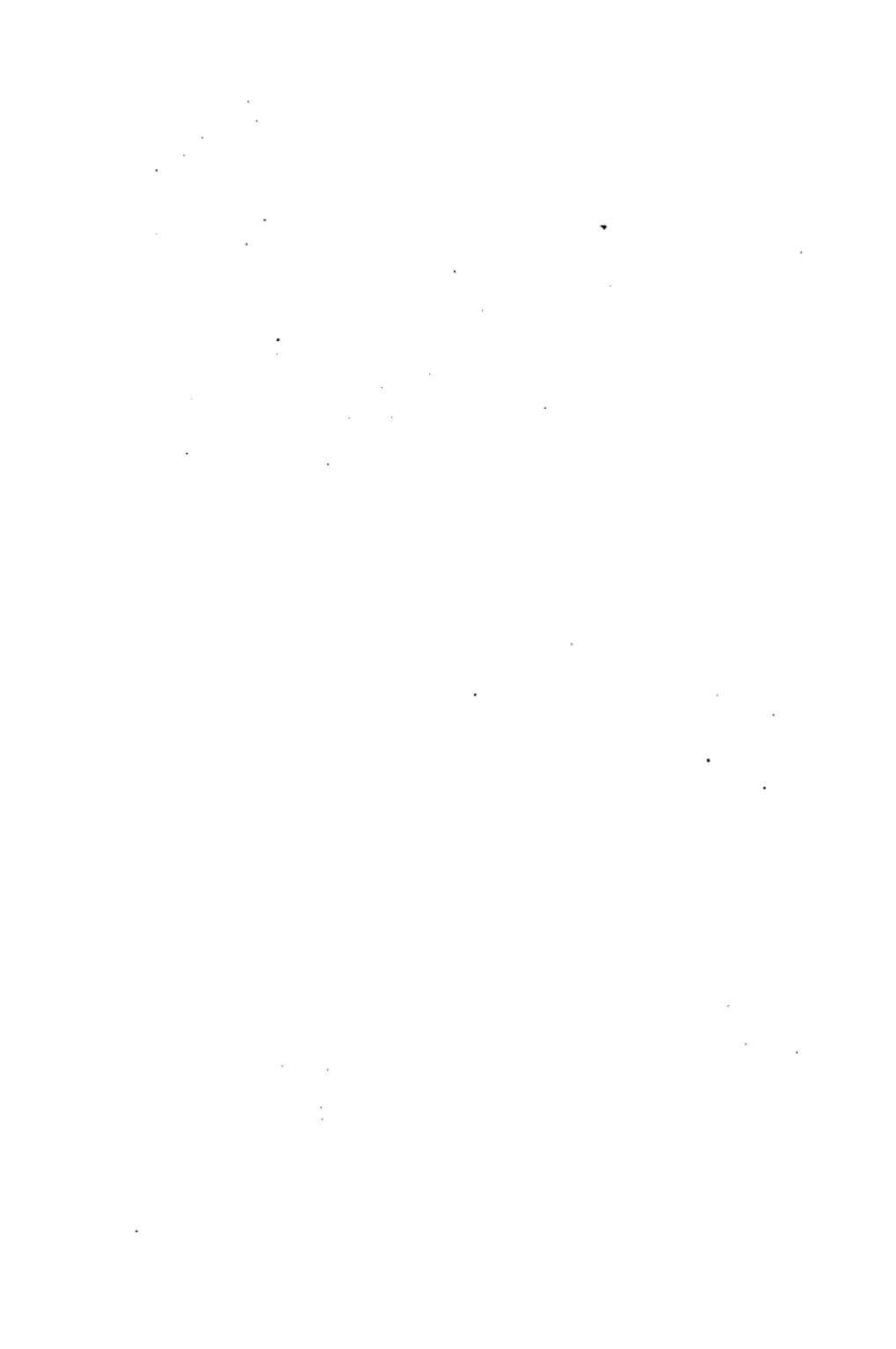
"Yes," said the artist, "I think it is very like. And I think it is good enough. No one can give more than his best."

So the artist packed it up with his own painting for the poor people in the big city, and then he shook hands with Tod and said, "Good-bye, little one. God bless you," and Tod watched him all across the moor until he was out of sight.

And now, little reader, we too must part, for I have come to the end of Tod's adventures for the present. Perhaps some day, if you would like it, I will tell you some more, but in the meantime I must say, as the artist said to Tod, "Good-bye, little one. God bless you."



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